

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1293.—March 13, 1869.

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LETTICE LISLE.

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER, by Mr. TROLLOPE.

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EARLY HISTORY OF THE PUBLICATION OF HALLECK'S MARCO BOZZARIS.

A FRIEND who has remembered, more than forty years, a matter which we had entirely forgotten, calls our attention to a letter from Mr. Halleck to his sister, on p. 293 of the *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck* by James Grant Wilson. It is as follows:—

NEW YORK, March 26, 1827.


MY DEAR SISTER,—

I have yours of the twenty-third. I am somewhat surprised and quite amused at your not having before read or even heard of my rhymes on Marco Bozzaris. You remind me of the Chinese in one of Goldsmith's essays, who, on inquiring at a bookseller's shop in Amsterdam for the works of the immortal Chong-fu (or some such name), a Chinese author of great eminence, was astonished to find that the illustrious and immortal author and his writings were totally unknown out of China. Why, "Bozzaris" is here considered my *chef d'œuvre*, the keystone of the arch of my renown, if renown it be. It has been published and puffed in a thousand (more or less) magazines and newspapers, not only in America, but in England, Scotland, Ireland, &c. It has been translated into French and modern Greek. It has been spouted on the stage and off the stage, in schools and colleges, &c. &c. It has been quoted even in the pulpit, and placed as mottoes over the chapters of a novel or two. It was published some months since in a Philadelphia magazine of foreign literature as selected from an Edinburgh work, and all the newspaper editors in town accused all England of plagiarism, &c., for a whole week (a long time for one subject to live, as times go), and the editor of the Philadelphia magazine came out with a puff and an apology, and something about "our accomplished countryman, F. G. Halleck, Esq.," and after all, that *you* should never have heard of or read it; *you*, almost the only person living (for I have become accustomed to it), to whom the music of my fame can be delightful, is really worth remark. Keep this letter to yourself; it contains more about myself and my verses than I have ever said or written before, and much more than they are worth.

Yours affectionately,

F. G. HALLECK.

The Philadelphia magazine alluded to was *The Museum of Foreign Literature*, edited by the writer of this notice. In the number for November, 1827, the poem was published, and was accompanied (in the same number, and *not afterwards*, as Mr. Halleck seems to have thought) by the following editorial note:—

" The DEATH OF BOZZARIS is copied from *The Edinburgh Literary Almanac*, where it is asserted that it was originally published in *The New Times*. It is an American poem, was written by our accomplished countryman, F. G.

Halleck, Esq., and first appeared in *The New York Review*, about two years ago.

We are glad of this opportunity of publishing it in the Museum, without infringing upon our plan, and copy it exactly as it appeared in Edinburgh. It is proper to mention, however, that in attempting to amend it, the British editor has interpolated a line,

"Like forest pines before the blast,"

in the third stanza. This was not required by the rhyme or measure, and is not in accordance with the sense.

Ed. Museum."

It would seem, rather obscurely, from Mr. Halleck's letter, that after some excitement in the public mind about the British piracy, the editor of the Philadelphia magazine had endeavored to right himself by "a puff and an apology." That editor had committed no wrong, and did not make any apology. He thought then, as he thinks now, that he was acting as Mr. Halleck's friend.

Perhaps there would hardly be sufficient reason for this statement, were it not to call our readers' attention to the remarkable fact that Miss Halleck up to that time had never heard of her brother's fine poem.

An amusing press trial has just taken place at Berlin. The accused was Dr. Löwenstein, editor of the *Kladderadatsch*, who was charged with "ridiculing the measures of the Government and insulting the Finance Minister" by publishing a caricature of the Minister in question. The caricature represented the Minister, in a tattered dress, standing hat in hand before the entrance to the Chamber, and begging for subscriptions to cover the deficit. Dr. Löwenstein defended his own case in a witty speech. He said that the only thing referred to in the caricature was the deficit, and he could not understand how a deficit could be a "Government measure." The Crown prosecutor had accused him of representing the Finance Minister as a "squinting beggar." Now he (Dr. Löwenstein) must deny that the Minister squinted; if he did so in the picture, that was the fault of the artist. Again, it was objected that the Minister appeared in a tattered dress; but this was surely no offence, for there was no law to forbid a Minister to have a hole in his coat. As to those who interpreted the caricature as representing Prussia in a state of bankruptcy, he would only say that no one but an idiot could describe a strong, great, and wealthy Power like Prussia as insolvent. This speech appears to have produced instant conviction on the minds of the judges, for they acquitted Dr. Löwenstein unanimously and without discussion.

Fall Mall Gazette.

From The Quarterly Review.
LIVES OF LORD LYNDHURST AND LORD
BROUGHAM.*

It would be with a view to contrast, rather than to similarity or comparison, that a judicious biographer would couple Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham. It would be impossible to draw a parallel between them in the manner of Plutarch, and difficult to weigh them in the critical balance as Johnson weighed Dryden and Pope, showing how the one possessed more of this quality and the other more of that; for perhaps no two men, rivals and contemporaries, trained and starting for the same prizes, ever arrived at the highest professional and political distinction by such utterly dissimilar means or by such diametrically opposed descriptions of ability. It is this which makes them, conjointly taken, so invaluable a study to the moralist, removes them from the ordinary domain of law or politics, and justifies us in requiring that their lives shall be written in a calm and philosophic spirit. It was this, again, connected with our prior knowledge and high estimate of Lord Campbell's powers, that caused us to open his posthumous volume with an depth of interest, an eagerness of expectation, in which fear was not quite subdued by hope.

Had he the precise class and disposition of mind demanded by the undertaking? Would he set about it with the due sense of its responsibilities? Would the advantages he undoubtedly possessed of long and close observation of his subject be more than counterbalanced by the personal bias resulting from familiarity? It is difficult to come constantly in contact with two very superior men for half a century without contracting decided preferences or dislikes; and Lord Campbell was singularly placed in reference to both Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham. Their estimate of him — especially Lord Lyndhurst's — was not precisely what he wished, and he knew it. Lord Campbell was a man of marked and varied talent, shrewd, hard-headed, laborious, energetic, bold, ready of speech, ready with the pen, with such breadth of view as

could be acquired by belonging all his life to the cultivated party of progress — which the Scotch Liberals could fairly boast themselves in his youth. He had pre-eminently the getting-on talent. He managed to secure two peerages whilst exulting in the title of 'plain John'; he contrived to be made Chief Justice of England in place of a man (Lord Denman) younger than himself, who retired on the ground of age; and after being Chancellor of Ireland and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he capped the ascending line of honourable and lucrative appointments with the woosack. It is no more than just to say that he fairly earned each step of his elevation, and that he amply verified the aphorism attributed to George III., that any man in England is fit for any place that he can get. On the attainment of the last step he was good-humouredly hailed by Lord Lyndhurst, in the House of Lords, in the words of Banquo —

"Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised;"

whilst no one thought of completing the quotation

"And I fear
Thou play'st most foully for it."

He was a good-natured, kind-hearted and strictly honourable man, who made no enemies that he could help. But he had little of what is commonly called genius, little fancy, and only a moderate sense of humour. His style of oratory was dry and practical. His mode of doing business was effective but prosaic — *par negotiis neque supra*. His hospitality was liberal, when he had made money and gained a position; but there was no period of his life when he indulged in dissipation or frequented the gay world, and he had none of the *grata protervitas* of Lyndhurst, none of the careless, reckless, attractive *abandon* of Brougham. From first to last he had little or nothing in common with either of them. He moved along a plodding path; they, each of them, in a luminous orbit of his own. They openly laughed at his attempts to establish a reputation for oratory by the publication of his Speeches and a name in literature by his "Lives," doing him certainly far less than justice in this respect. Whatever the

* *Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England.* By the late John Lord Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.E. London, 1869.

critical objections to them, they have taken permanent rank amongst the most instructive and entertaining of biographies; and this concluding volume (despite of the spirit and bias) is fully equal in attractiveness to its predecessors. Indeed, it is richer than the rest in the personal impressions and reminiscences which give so fine and rare a flavour to the writings of men who have lived, as well as written, history.

During the latter years of their joint lives, Lyndhurst and Brougham became excellent friends, and were fond of talking over past times together; when it was curious to see the vivacious and somewhat apocryphal reminiscences of the one tamed down and corrected by the clear memory and accurate understanding of the other. Lord Campbell was not admitted to these communings, and, as regards Lord Lyndhurst, the bitterness of political antagonism was never softened down by intimacy. The operation of this life-long state of social relations between the operator and the subject to be dissected may be guessed. It left 'a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo; 'and the memoir which begins with a hope that a 'hankering kindness' may not prevent 'sufficient impartiality,' turns out to be the most studied depreciation of a career and character that we ever remember to have read. Perhaps we should call it persevering and systematic rather than studied, for not the slightest care has been bestowed in the verification of the facts. The popular version, especially when unfavourable to Lord Lyndhurst, has been almost uniformly accepted without inquiry or cavil; and, on more than one occasion, disproved statements have been quietly reproduced. We say it with deep regret, but truth and justice compel us to say it: the levity and the flippancy of tone are throughout offensive to feeling and taste.

The opening paragraphs convey a tolerably clear notion of what we are to expect, for a consciously fair judge does not begin with a profession of impartiality, and we always distrust a witness who goes out of his way to utter loud assertions of his veracity:—

Many of my contemporaries have sunk into the tomb, but Lord Lyndhurst, considerably my senior, survives, in the full enjoyment of his in-

tellectual powers. He is a noble subject for biography, from his brilliant talents—from the striking vicissitudes of his career—from the antagonistic qualities which he displayed—and from the quick alternation of warm praise and severe censure which must, in fairness, be pronounced upon his actions. Having known him familiarly above half a century both in public and in private life, I ought to be able to do him justice; and notwithstanding a hankering kindness for him with all his faults, I think I can command sufficient impartiality to save me in this Memoir from confounding the distinctions of right and wrong. All rivalry between us has long ceased, and I am sure I can never be induced to disparage or to blame him from resentment or envy.

Half in jest, half in earnest, he has prayed that in writing his Life I would be merciful to him; and I have promised that, if he would supply me with materials, I would do my best for him as far as my conscience would allow. He has replied, "Materials you shall have *none* from me; I have already burnt every letter and paper which could be useful to my biographer, therefore he is at liberty to follow his own inclination."

There is a note to the last sentence:—

Lord Lyndhurst has since asked me, "How are you getting on with my Life?" and has offered to correct the proof sheets, adding, "I can surely judge better than any one of the accuracy of your statements." This reminds me of a married lady, against whom a scandalous story had got abroad, and who said to a friend of mine, "You have my authority positively to contradict it; and I am sure I ought to know whether it be true or false."

This note will be read with surprise by Lord Lyndhurst's surviving relatives and friends, who will with difficulty be brought to believe that he offered, except perhaps in jest, to correct the proof sheets of a work for which he had positively refused to supply materials in any shape. The noble and learned biographer continues:—

When I have proceeded a little way, Law Reports, Parliamentary Debates, and my own testimony, will furnish me with abundant materials for my narrative. But in starting, I have only uncertain rumours as to the origin of Lord Lyndhurst and his infancy. I thought that Debbett's, Lodge's, or Burke's "Peerage," would at least have given me a pedigree, which I might have adopted; but instead of telling us how the

first Copley, under the name of *De Couplé*, came in with the Conqueror, and tracing the Chancellor up to him, they do not even mention the Chancellor's father, for they all begin with his own birth on the 21st of May, 1772, as if he had then sprung from the earth, without even telling us what region of the world witnessed this wonderful vegetation.

Wonderful vegetation! Could the force of bad taste go further, even assuming that there was the slightest foundation for the sneer? We turned to Burke's 'Peerage' and found:—

Lineage, Richard Copley, of the Co. Limerick, who emigrated to America, and became of Boston in the United States, m. Sarah, younger daughter of John Singleton, Esq., great-grandfather of the present John Singleton, Esq., of Quinville Abbey, Co. Clare, and had a son,

John Singleton Copley, who settled in England, and obtaining eminence as a painter, was elected Member of the Royal Academy. He m. Miss Clarke, and by her, who died 1836, left at his decease in 1815, a son, John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, and three daughters.

This extract exposes the gross inaccuracy of the passage we are about to quote, as well as that of the passage we have just quoted:—

The account of himself which he sent to these genealogists seems to disclose a weakness,—that he was very unreasonably ashamed of his family. Although not descended from De Veres, Bohuns, or Bigods, he might have been proud to be the son of an eminent artist, whose pencil had worthily commemorated some of the most striking events in English history; Charles I. ordering the arrest of the five Members in the House of Commons; the Siege of Gibraltar; the Victory of Wolfe, and the Death of Chatham. Lord Lyndhurst, when in the zenith of his power, was much hurt by a speech delivered at a public dinner by the Honourable James Stuart Wortley, now Recorder of London, himself of royal descent. In demonstrating the superior good qualities of the Tories over the rival party, he dwelt particularly on the alleged aristocratic exclusiveness of the Whigs, by which, when they were in power, Burke and Sheridan had been banished from the Cabinet; "whereas," said he, "we glory in having as our leader in the one House the son of a cotton-spinner, and in the other the son of a painter." Offence might have been justly taken at the expression by which the art of the Chancellor's father was thus referred to

—intimating to a person before unacquainted with the truth, that the Chancellor's sire was an *operative*, or, at any rate, not better than a sign-painter.

If Mr. Stuart Wortley really complimented the leaders of his party, wishing to please and elevate them, in this fashion, he must have been emulating the city magnate who complimented Lord Tenterden to his face on having sprung from the dregs of the people.* But a painter of Copley's eminence was in no more danger of being mistaken for an operative or sign-painter than West or Lawrence, and we are quite sure that his distinguished son was not hurt or offended by the term. We have seen that 'the account of himself which he sent to those genealogists' lays stress on his father's eminence as a painter, whose masterpieces formed the chief ornament of that house in George Street, Hanover Square, which (as Lord Campbell states) was the resort of the highest and noblest of the land, before whom he thus kept constantly suspended the proofs and illustrations of his origin. In the House of Lords, in March, 1849, in reference to matters of art, he said:—'They recall to my recollection many circumstances of my early life, when I attended the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Barry, and other professors, when I was very much associated with the proceedings of the Royal Academy, and when I was intimately acquainted with many of its members.' We have heard him relate that, at one of Reynolds' lectures when he was present, an alarm was spread that the floor was about to give way, and that Burke, who was one of the audience, earnestly exhorted them to keep calm for fear of accelerating the catastrophe by a rush.

It is finely remarked by the author of 'Pelham' that no disadvantage of birth need prevent a man from being perfectly a gentleman if he himself is not consciously affected by it. The genuine stamp of high breeding is the indifference of self-respect: neither to evade nor intrude the topic: in fact, not to think of it at all unless it naturally suggests itself. This is exactly what Lord Lyndhurst did; and we are perfectly

* Lord Campbell, in his 'Life of Lord Tenterden,' attributed this speech to Sir Peter Laurie, who indignantly repudiated it.

confident that, whenever he did refer to his father's profession, it was with pride.

Although Lord Campbell has given a tolerably faithful sketch of the career of the elder Copley, with a just appreciation of his merits, his Lordship has forgotten to mention the best of his pictures, 'The Death of Major Pearson,' which hung in Lord Lyndhurst's drawing-room till his death, when it was sold for a very large sum. It is now in the South Kensington Collection.

In the beginning of the year 1774 he (the father) set sail from Boston for England, dreading that, if he deferred the voyage longer, it might be effectually prevented by hostilities between the mother-country and her colonies. But he by no means then resolved on seeking a new domicile, for he left his mother, his wife, and his child, with all his unsold pictures and his household gods, behind him; in the hope that, having had a glimpse of Europe, in all probability he should rejoice them, and find all disputes amicably adjusted.

Professing his inability to specify the exact time when they followed to England, Lord Campbell says:—

Some have said that the youth continued to reside at Boston, after the treaty of peace recognizing the independence of America, so long as indelibly to fix upon himself the stamp of American citizenship. When Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst indiscreetly denounced the Irish as "*aliens* in blood, language, and religion," Daniel O'Connell retorted that the Chancellor himself was an alien, and liable to be reclaimed as a refugee Yankee. But there is clearly no foundation for this surmise; his father must be considered domiciled in England when the treaty of independence was concluded; the Chancellor himself was certainly transferred to this country while *in statu pupillari*; and he never again set foot on American soil except as a tourist.

I have heard him express himself in terms of affection for his native land, and speak proudly of distinguished Americans as his countrymen. In early life, when there seemed so little prospect of his burning ambition ever being gratified, he must have regretted that he had lost the chance of becoming President of the United States.

His connection with America as the land of his birth caused him to take a more than ordinary interest in distinguished Americans, to cherish their fame and court their society. But he was wont to lay stress upon the fact of his having been born prior to the Declaration of Independence, consequently a British subject; and there is not the semblance of foundation for O'Connell's retort (if he ever uttered it), still less for the suggested regret that the chance of becoming President of the United States had been lost.

In 1786, being then in his fourteenth year, the future Chancellor is discovered at a school at Clapham, and somewhat precociously figuring as a lover and a poet. On the authority of a work entitled 'Literary Lawyers,' he is charged with addressing to a young lady, whom he had met at a dancing school, a copy of verses which Lord Campbell correctly describes as closely imitated from a well-known translation of Horace, and uncharitably surmises 'to have been copied for the occasion from a scrap-book; for the professed lover has never since been known to versify.' The ensuing eight years are compressed into less than a page with a neatness and succinctness on which it would be difficult to improve:

From Clapham he was removed to a school at Chiswick. Here he was taught first by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, afterwards by the Rev. Dr. Horne, father of the present Sir William Horne, once my colleague as law officer of the Crown, now a Master in Chancery. I have not been able to obtain any authentic account of young Copley's proficiency or demeanour at this school; but at this time he must have laid the foundation of his classical knowledge, which is reckoned very considerable.

He next entered on a field in which he acquitted himself most creditably. The following is a copy of the entry of his admission at Trinity College, Cambridge:—

"1790, July 8. — Admissus est Pensionarius Johannes Singleton Copley, filius Johannis Singleton Copley de Boston in America, a schola apud Chiswick in Middlesexia sub præsidio Doctoris Horne. Annos nat. 18."

From his wonderful quickness of comprehension and strength of memory he was able to make a given portion of time devoted to study more available than any man in the University, and he would occasionally affect to be an idler and a man of pleasure; but his solid acquisitions must have been the result of steady application.

When he was to take his Bachelor's degree, in a good year, he came out second wrangler, and he proved his proficiency not only in mathematics, but in classics and general learning, by obtaining a Trinity fellowship the first time he sat for this highly creditable honour.

In reference to the University period, when the revolutionary mania was at its height, it is added that 'young Copley's mind being from infancy imbued with republican principles, he took what in American phrase he called the "go-a-head side" so warmly and openly, as to run some risk of serious animadversion. He gradually became more cautious, but, till many years afterwards, when he was tempted to join the Tory ranks by the offer of a seat in parliament and the near prospect of the office of

Chief Justice of Chester, he thought a democratic revolution would be salutary, and he is said to have contemplated without dismay the possible establishment of an Anglican Republic—about as much as he contemplated the possibility of becoming President of the United States. This, however, is avowedly mere conjecture or hearsay. When the late W. Macworth Praed, of Etonian renown, entered the House of Commons as a Tory, a distinguished college contemporary charged him in debate with having been a constant attendant at the Calves' Head Club at Cambridge—a club formed to commemorate the decapitation of Charles I. But no college contemporary ever came forward to bear similar testimony against young Copley, although he would probably have taken the republican side at the Union Club if that famous nursery of statesmanship and eloquence had existed during his undergraduateship. Not long since, an eminent member of Parliament was reminded, in our hearing, of his having brought forward, with much thought and reading, at the London Debating Club in 1826, a motion for the Repeal of the Union, and he had positively forgotten all about it. Instead of being imbued from infancy with republican principles, Lord Lyndhurst was brought up in fear and hatred of republicanism: his family were devoted royalists and loyalists.

Lord Campbell, who is all along preparing the ground for the grand assault on the consistency and integrity of his intended victim, seems to feel that little or nothing can be made out of these college days, or by dint of vague surmise. So he advances a stage, and steps into the witness-box like the attorney whose briefs invariably ended with: 'If the foregoing witnesses do not prove the case, call me.' After stating that Copley was admitted of Lincoln's Inn on the 19th of May, 1794, and on finally quitting Cambridge took chambers in Crown Office Row, Temple, he proceeds:

He soon after became a pupil of Mr. Tidd, the famous Special Pleader, and having diligently worked in his chambers till he was well conversant with everything from the Declaration to the Surrebutter, he commenced Special Pleader under the bar on his own account.

Now was the time when I made his acquaintance. He still kept up a friendly intercourse with Tidd, and attended a debating club which was held at his chambers in King's Bench Walk. When I entered here as a pupil, and was admitted a member of this club, I had the honour of being presented to Mr. Copley, to whom I looked up with the most profound reverence and admiration. He was a capital speaker, but rather

too animated for dry juridical discussion. I remember once he was so loud and long upon a question arising out of the law of libel that the porters and laundresses gathered round the window, in great numbers, listening to his animated periods. At last a cry of fire being raised from the crowd, the Temple fire-engine was actually brought out, and had the effect of putting an end to the flaming oration by raising a general laugh at the expense of the incendiary. He was very kind to me, and although of much older standing and much courted from his university reputation, he would ask me to call upon him. *In those days I never met him in private society, but I did meet him not unfrequently at public dinners of a political complexion.* In after life he asserted that he had never been a Whig—which I can testify to be true. He was a Whig and something more, or in one word a Jacobin. He would refuse to be present at a dinner given on the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster, but he delighted to dine with the "Corresponding Society," or to celebrate the anniversary of the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke.

If this story of the cry of fire and the fire-engine had been told, as an avowed humourist would have told it, by the way of ludicrous exaggeration, and of a speaker like the gentleman who sate for Serjeant Buzfuz to Mr. Dickens, it might have passed: but it is utterly inadmissible in a grave book as a grave illustration of character. Copley, of all men, too animated for dry juridical discussion! Copley, collecting a crowd by loudness and length, and a crowd of porters and laundresses; of whom, indeed, it must have been almost exclusively made up in the Temple when the gates were closed. The club was limited to Mr. Tidd's pupils: it met in the evening, and the ordinary attendance might have been ten or twelve at most. In what capacity, or with what view, did Lord Campbell, who in those days never met Copley in private, attend the public dinners of a political complexion, meaning, we suppose, those of the Corresponding Society, or those to celebrate the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke? Was it as a sympathiser, or from mere curiosity, or simply as a reporter, that he attended them? We ourselves—*calidâ juventâ Consule Planco*—being then staunch Tories, remember going to a dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern to hear Cobbett, and to a radical debating club to hear Gale Jones; but it never crossed our minds that we were thereby laying the foundation for a charge of tergiversation or apostasy. It is not pretended that Copley took part in the proceedings, or figured amongst the vice-presidents or distinguished guests; yet his name as a Fellow of Trinity and the son of the emi-

nent painter would have been well worth having:—

As a Special Pleader under the bar (continues the biographer), his eloquence being of no service, and a constant attendance at chambers being expected, which was very distasteful to him, he had not the success which he expected; and he determined on being called to the bar. But before commencing his forensic career, he embarked for America, having a strong desire to revisit his native country, and to renew an intimacy with some relations whom he had left there. With a view to this ramble he had solicited and obtained at Cambridge the appointment of Travelling Bachelor, and in compliance with the statutes he remitted to the Vice-Chancellor an ample account of Transatlantic cities and manners. This I have in vain attempted to see, and I am afraid it is lost for ever. His narrative must be exceedingly interesting if it detailed his personal adventures; for he paid a visit of some days to the illustrious Washington, and he travelled some weeks in company with Louis Philippe—afterwards King of the French—then a refugee in the United States.

Another of his travelling companions was Volney, the author of 'Les Ruines,' a sceptic of the most advanced school, who maintained that the divine founder of Christianity was a myth. If Lord Campbell had known this, another damaging insinuation might have been based upon such companionship. It is fortunate, too, that Lord Campbell did not fall in with the 'ample account of Transatlantic cities and manners,' which was, in fact, a cursory and concise account, just sufficient to satisfy the college rule and said to be composed by a friend; for it took a more cosmopolitan and liberal view of American institutions than was then common in England, and, on nice analysis, something foreshadowing republican tendencies might have been traced in it.

The first fifteen years of Copley's professional career are hurried over that the biographer may arrive at the right moment for his swashing blow:—

His professional progress was extremely slow. It used to be said that there were four, and only four, ways in which a young man could get on at the bar: 1. By *huggery* (paying court to attorneys). 2. By writing a law book. 3. By quarter sessions. 4. By a miracle. . . .

The *miracle* consists in the conjunction of an opportunity to make a great speech in some very popular cause, *with full ability to improve the advantage*. Such an opportunity, at last (as we shall see), did arrive to Copley, and his fortune was made, although with the utter sacrifice of his character for political consistency.

There is or was a fifth way of getting on at the bar, partaking in equal proportions

of No. 1 and No. 2, namely, by publishing Reports with the names of the attorneys employed in the cases. This method was first employed in 'Campbell's Nisi Prius Reports,' and was found admirably adapted for bringing grist to the mill. No. 4, the *miracle*, is open to discussion, or, like most modern miracles, may be resolved into a natural concurrence of ordinary events. The great speech is the match laid to the carefully prepared train. It is the copestone, not the stepping-stone. There are no heaven-born *nisi prius* leaders, and no amount of genius or capacity would enable an advocate to conduct causes with confidence and success in an English court of justice without the familiar knowledge which only practice can confer. Lord Campbell admits as much when he speaks of the conjunction of opportunity 'with full ability to improve the advantage.' And how was that ability acquired by Copley? By thirteen years' experience; for thirteen years intervened between his call to the bar and the grand opportunity, which was preceded by many well-employed minor opportunities, although it suited Lord Campbell's purpose to say nothing of them. For example, there was a case of Thorpe v. the Governor of Upper Canada in which Copley attracted much notice, and there was a patent case (Heathcote's lace-patent) in which he particularly distinguished himself. The truth is, he was never a brilliant or showy advocate; his strength lay in his clear, strong, subtle intellect; his highest forensic qualities were of the judicial order; and his want of early popularity amongst the dispensers of briefs was in great measure accounted for by the friend (Sir Samuel Shepherd, we believe), who remarked that he had no rubbish in his head. Lord Campbell cannot narrate the simplest incident without a sneer:—

Meanwhile, finding that, after having been nine years at the bar, his progress was very slow in a stuff gown, and that he was not likely soon to gain such a position as entitled him to ask to be made a King's Counsel, he resolved to take the dignity of Serjeant-at-Law, supposed to be open *suo periculo* to any barrister of fair reputation and seven years' standing. Accordingly he was *coifed*, and gave gold rings, choosing for his motto "*Studius vigilare severis*," which some supposed was meant as an intimation that he had sown his wild oats, and that he was now to become a plodder.

This sowing his wild oats—we wish Lord Campbell had specified their genus or variety—did not extend to the political opinions of his youth. 'He remained, however, for a considerable time unchanged,

particularly in his devoted attachment to republican doctrines. Strange to say, his hero was Napoleon the Great, who had established pure despotism in France, and wished to extinguish liberty in every other country.' Strange, indeed, and equally unaccountable, is the state of mind in which he was similarly delighted at the triumphant return and crushing defeat of his hero.

It is said that Copley, hearing this news while walking in the street, enthusiastically tossed his hat in the air, and exclaimed, "*Europe is free!*" Nevertheless I doubt not that he rejoiced sincerely in the battle of Waterloo, for he has always been solicitous for the interests and the glory of his country.

At this period of his life he mixed little in general society. The Tory leaders he utterly eschewed. He did make acquaintance with some eminent Whigs, but thought poorly of them, as their notions of reform were so limited. Although he would not mix with the Radicals of the day, who were men of low education and vulgar manners, he thought they might be made useful, and by rumour he was so far known to them that they looked forward to his patronage should they be prosecuted by the Crown for sedition or treason.

At last arrived the crisis of Copley's fate, when a new and brilliant career was opened to him, which he entered upon, throwing aside the "Burden of his Principles" as joyfully as Christian, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," got rid of the "Burden of his Sins."

The crisis was the trial of Dr. Watson for high treason in June, 1817. The leading counsel for the defence was Sir Charles Wetherall, described as 'a high-minded, but furious ultra-Tory, then breathing vengeance against the Government because he had been disappointed in obtaining the post of Solicitor-General'—an odd illustration of highmindedness. 'The other was Mr. Serjeant Copley, generally understood to entertain pretty much the opinions professed by the prisoner, though with prudence sufficient not to act upon them till there should be a fair prospect of their success.'

When Horne Tooke insisted on conducting his own case, and was warned against the course he was pursuing by the legal adviser at his side, the following brief colloquy ensued:—*Counsel*: 'If you do, you'll be hanged.' *Horne Tooke*: 'Then I'll be hanged if I do.' When a man's neck is at stake he is commonly amenable to reason, and we much doubt whether Dr. Watson was guided in his selection of counsel by any other consideration than how he could best secure an acquittal. Copley's reputation at the Bar pointed him out as

just the man to supply the defects of his leader; to bring reason, logic, and sagacity in aid of wild, irregular powers of oratory habitually indulged without restraint. What might have been anticipated fell out:

The learned counsel (Wetherall) had been too abrupt in his declamation, and had not carried along with him the sympathies of the jury, who seemed rather disposed to return an unpropitious answer to these interrogatories.

Serjeant Copley, who followed, was much more calm, persuasive, and successful. I heard his speech with great delight, and I consider it one of the ablest and most effective ever delivered in a court of justice. Yet, on re-perusing it, I found much difficulty in selecting any passage which would convey to the reader an idea of its merit. The whole is a close chain of reasoning on the evidence as applicable to the charge.

The Solicitor-General made a clever reply, and Lord Ellenborough summed up strongly for a conviction; but the jury, after a short deliberation, found a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

Lord Castlereagh, who had remained in court in a state of great anxiety till the conclusion of the trial, declared to the witty Jekyll, whom he met accidentally the following day, that "if Serjeant Copley had been for the Crown the prosecution would have succeeded;" and expressed a wish that he might never be against the Crown again. The answer was, "Bait your rat-trap with Cheshire cheese, and he will soon be caught." The objection to the joke is that it was rather obvious; for the office of Chief Justice of Chester had been so often successfully used to induce adventuring lawyers to leave their party, that a man of much inferior powers might have given the same recipe for catching Copley.

Lord Castlereagh, who was a matter-of-fact man, took the advice in good earnest, and, having consulted Lord Liverpool, the Premier, obtained his sanction for opening a negotiation to secure Copley to the Government.

The objection to the joke is that it was an old one, and thoroughly used up. It had been recently applied to Best (Lord Wynford), who was then Chief Justice of Chester without any immediate intention of resigning; and in the ensuing overture, as Lord Campbell himself states, 'nothing was said about Chester, or any other appointment; but a seat in the House of Commons was proposed, without any condition, or promise as to services or reward.'

Out of decency, he asked a little time to deliberate. Although very free spoken upon almost all subjects, this is a passage of his life which he always shuns, and it would be vain to conjecture whether he had any and what internal struggles before he yielded.

When the negotiation had been completed he had a formal interview with Lord Liverpool, the

Prime Minister, and without a shilling being put into his hand or anything being said about his *kit*, he was enlisted and attested a soldier in the Tory Army.

Soon after, the "London Gazette" announced that "John Singleton Copley, Esq., serjeant-at-law, was returned to serve in Parliament for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight." This was a borough then under the influence of the Treasury, and afterwards disfranchised by the Reform Act. Not having been before in Parliament, he escaped the disgrace of walking across the floor of the House, and fronting his former associates.

Far from shunning this passage in his life, he readily reverted to it, but the last time he did so to our knowledge his memory failed him, and he was under a fixed impression that it was when he appeared as counsel for the publisher of this Journal, in an action brought by Count Maceroni for an alleged libel, that he first attracted the attention of the Ministry, some of whom, including the Duke of Wellington and Lord Liverpool, had been subpoenaed as witnesses and were seated on the bench. He had no recollection of having at any time attracted the particular attention of Lord Castlereagh. He made this statement in 1857, on the appearance of the third volume of Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' containing the Life of Lord Ellenborough, in which Lord Castlereagh, without any suggestion from Jekyll, is made to utter the familiar bar joke about a rat-trap and the Cheshire cheese. Lord Lyndhurst's version was published with his approval by a contemporary* in a review of Lord Campbell's volume, and has ever since passed unchallenged. Strange to say, no one thought of referring to the dates; the fact being that the trial of Maceroni v. Murray took place on December 10th, 1819, when Copley was Solicitor-General and in the spring-tide of his fame. This is another of the accumulating instances in which the memory of remarkable men has played them false on topics on which one would have thought it impossible for them to be wrong.†

* The 'Edinburgh Review' for October, 1857, p. 456. The passage, we are informed, was submitted to Lord Lyndhurst prior to the publication of the review.

† The Duke of Wellington, writing to Mr. Mudford in June, 1816, only a year after the event, to deny that the famous meeting between himself and Blücher took place at La Belle Alliance, says: 'It happens that the meeting took place after ten at night, in the village of Genappe; and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the two armies, will see that it could not be otherwise.' ('Supplementary Despatches,' vol. x. p. 508.) Blücher, who continued the pursuit after quitting the Duke, did not get farther than Genappe, which is eight or nine miles from the field of battle. The literary and political world are familiar with still more extraordinary instances of forgetfulness in

The precise incident that invited the ministerial offer does not affect the main point, whether Copley was guilty of a flagrant disregard of principle in accepting it. He never shrank from the charge either in or out of Parliament, whatever shape it took. His invariable reply was that he had never joined any political party, never belonged to any political society, never made any profession of political faith, prior to his election for Yarmouth; and this being the unquestioned truth, it seems hard to condemn him for apostasy on the strength of expressions carelessly let drop at the circuit mess, which is the very utmost his fellest accusers could adduce against him. Many men's politics sit very loosely upon them, many can hardly be said to have politics, till they are compelled to take a side; and if they eventually take one which they were not expected to take, their offence is comparatively light, and must not be confounded with corruption or dishonesty. This also must be said in defence of Lord Lyndhurst. No one who knew him after his entrance into public life could discern a trace, a sign, a feature, of the democrat. The Ethiopian must have changed his skin and the leopard his spots. The mind of the alleged convert seemed to have been formed in a Tory mould; all his habits of thought were Tory; and if ever a man became a Tory from conviction it was this man, who is accused of having pretended to become one with a view to personal advancement. Whilst priding himself on being a Tory, he strongly objected to the term Conservative, which he said implied a compromise or *cross*.*

Copley felt his way cautiously in the new arena of the House of Commons. He spoke rarely and briefly during the Session of 1818; the only occasion on which he took a prominent part being in support of the Alien Bill, which was strongly opposed by Romilly and Mackintosh. In the course of this year he was appointed Chief Justice of Chester, 'having already had a slight foretaste of Ministerial favour in being created a King's Serjeant':—

Immediately proceeding on the circuit, he displayed those extraordinary powers and qualities which might have made him the very greatest magistrate who has presided in an English court of Justice during the present century. But, admired and praised by all who saw and heard him

high places that occurred in reference to Mr. Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' in 1863.

* The term 'Conservative' was first used to designate a party soon after the passing of the Reform Bill, about the time of the formation of the Carlton Club.

clothed in scarlet and ermine, Copley cared for none of these things, and he was impatient to finish his business in Denbighshire, Flintshire, and Cheshire, that he might get back to St. Stephen's to prosecute his ambitious schemes, for which the times seemed so propitious. His name is now to be found in the list of the ministerial majority in every division, and he could be relied upon in every emergency of debate, doubtless saying to himself, "the sailor who looks for high salvage and prize money must be ready to go out in all weathers."

This is an exaggeration of his party services, as any one may discover by referring to 'Hansard'; but that he was rapidly gaining ground in Ministerial favour is proved by his being appointed Solicitor-General in 1819, and thus becoming a colleague of men, Lord Liverpool and his Ministry, of whom (according to Lord Campbell) 'he talked rather licentiously, but he very steadily co-operated with them in all their measures, good or bad.' What is the meaning of 'rather licentiously?' Are we to understand that he was imprudent enough to sanction by his mode of talking the popular imputations on his good faith?

Copley's great mortification, we are told, was to find himself serving under Gifford, the Attorney-General, his junior in standing and greatly his inferior in acquirements and oratory. In the King's Bench, in which his principal practice now lay, he had the disadvantage of competing with Scarlett, the most consummate *nisi prius* advocate, so far as winning causes went, ever known at the English bar, and equally irresistible *in banco* from the entire ascendancy he had acquired over Lord Tenterden:—

Mr. Solicitor's position, however, now appeared very prosperous. His spirited and noble bearing had secured him a favourable hearing in the House of Commons, and his very agreeable manners had made him popular with all branches of the profession of the law. Nor did he seem to suffer from any unpleasant consciousness of having acted questionably, or from any suspicion that he might be ill thought of by others. His gait was always erect, his eye sparkling, and his smile proclaiming his readiness for a jest.

We are constantly reminded in this memoir of the abbot in the Lord of the Isles:—

"De Bruce, I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
O'ermaster'd yet by high behest,
I bless thee and thou shalt be blest."

Eager to seize every opportunity for depreciating, Lord Campbell is compelled in his own despite to praise, and does not seem aware that his alkali neutralises his acid, or

that the fine flavour of truth evaporates in the effervescence. How can a man who habitually indulges in rather licentious talk against his colleagues, and is regarded as a shameless apostate by his old associates, be simultaneously popular with all branches of the profession on the ground of his noble and spirited bearing, or be remarkable for his unconsciousness of merited scorn and the erectness of his gait?

Speaking (in 'St. Ronan's Well') of the pretensions of Scotchmen to figure as men of fashion, Sir Walter Scott remarks:—"Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints." Every point of their national character is equally opposed to their pretensions when they attempt to pass judgment on the degree of felicity with which that personage is assumed by others, and we felt instinctively that Lord Campbell was getting upon delicate ground when we read the first sentence of the following paragraph:—

I am now to present Sir John Copley in a new light—as a man of fashion. Hitherto his converse with the gay world had been very limited; he had seldom been in higher society than at a Judge's dinner in Bedford Square; he himself generally dined at a coffee-house, and when the labours of the day were over he solaced himself in the company of his friends in Crown Office Row. But he now fell in love with a beautiful young widow, whose husband, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas, had been killed in the battle of Waterloo. She was the niece of Sir Samuel Shepherd, the late Attorney General, at whose house he first met her. She received his attentions favourably, and they were married on the 13th of March, 1819.

Forthwith he set up a brilliant establishment in his father's old house, George-street, Hanover-square, which he greatly enlarged and beautified. Lady Copley was exceedingly handsome, with extraordinary enterprise and cleverness. She took the citadel of fashion by storm, and her concerts and balls, attended by all the most distinguished persons who could gain the honour of being presented to her, reflected back new credit and influence on her enraptured husband. There were afterwards jealousies and bickerings between them, which caused much talk and amusement; but they continued together on decent terms till her death at Paris in 1834—an event which he sincerely lamented. He was sitting as Chief Baron in the Court of Exchequer when he received the fatal news. He swallowed a large quantity of laudanum and set off to see her remains. But his strength of mind soon again fitted him for the duties and pleasures of life.

That prior to his marriage he had seldom been in higher society than at a judge's dinner in Bedford Square is a haphazard and improbable statement, for he was always fond of what is called fine as well as cultivated society, in which he mixed naturally and easily as in his proper sphere; and, we believe, he eagerly availed himself of his rising reputation at the bar and in the House of Commons to enter the charmed and envied circle. The brilliant establishment in George Street was fully as gratifying to him as to his first wife; and his success was quite as much owing to his conversation, his unaffected ease and gaiety of manner, and his celebrity, as to her personal attractions. He was fond and proud of her to the last: they were from time to time the subject of scandalous rumours, as what distinguished husband and handsome wife were not in the days of the 'Age' and the 'Satirist:' but if there were bickerings and jealousies, they never reached the public eye or ear, and if Lord Lyndhurst swallowed a large quantity of laudanum on hearing of her death, it would seem that he was deeply affected and shaken by the intelligence.

It fell to his duty to support the Six Acts, with the rest of the repressive measures deemed necessary by the Government; and of course, as Lord Campbell seldom fails to note, he was repeatedly twitted with having once held the opinions the very utterance of which he was now labouring to repress. Thus, in the debate on the Blasphemous Libel Bill, Lord Tavistock having thrown out the hacknied imputation, provoked him to reply thus:—

Mr. Solicitor General.—"I would ask the noble Lord on what grounds he brings charges against me for my former conduct? Why am I taunted with inconsistency? I never, before my entrance into this House, belonged to any political society, or was in any way connected with politics; and even if I had intended to connect myself with any party, I confess that during my short parliamentary experience I have seen nothing in the *views* of the gentlemen opposite to induce me to join them."

At the conclusion, Mackintosh whispered to Lord John Russell, 'The last sentence, with the change of one word for a synonyme, would have been perfectly true. But, instead of quarrelling with our *views*, he should have said that he did not like our *prospects*.'

During the Queen's trial, the Attorney-General (Gifford) was confessedly thrown into the shade by the Solicitor-General, who eminently distinguished himself by his reply:—"This, upon the whole, greatly

delighted the King, although his Majesty was somewhat offended by the banter and *persiflage* in which the counsel occasionally indulged to a degree hardly suitable to the solemnity of the occasion and the dignity of the royal personages on whose conduct he commented.' His Majesty's taste was none of the most fastidious, and there were portions of the case which could only be effectively disposed of by banter. In confirmation of his criticism, the biographer goes on to state that, 'in reply to the Queen's counsel who had argued that Bergami was always lodged in the room next to hers for her protection and to guard against surprise, Copley thus raised an indecorous laugh:—

"Oh! all this was intended to guard against surprise, against some danger with which she was threatened. Are we to be led away by the confident assertions of counsel? I look around to see whether I can possibly discover to what my learned friend refers, or from what source he takes the idea of a 'surprise.' I have not been able to discover it, except in a grave author with whose writings I know him to be very conversant. In Foote's 'Trip to Calais,' I see something like a hint for this. *Miniken*, the chambermaid, and *O'Donovan*, the Irish chairman, are discussing the extraordinary friendship of Sir Henry Hornby for their mistress, and the *protection* he afforded her, which had caused much scandal, but which he thus explains away:—

"My Lord was obliged to go about his affairs into the North for a moment, and left his disconsolate lady behind him in London."

Miniken.—"Poor gentlewoman!"

O'Donovan.—"Upon which his friend Sir Henry used to go and stay there all day, to amuse and divert her!"

Miniken.—"How good-natured that was in Sir Henry!"

O'Donovan.—"Nay; he carried his friendship much farther than that; for my Lady, as there were many highwaymen and footpads about, was afraid that some of them would break into the house in the night, and so desired Sir Henry Hornby to lie there every night."

Miniken.—"Good soul! and he did, I dare say."

We do not see any indecorum here, except what was inseparable from the topic, and the appositeness of the illustration would even entitle it to be called witty, if Barrow did not err in naming the apposite introduction of a quotation or an anecdote among the recognised varieties of wit. Copley was made Attorney-General in October, 1824, and, as Lord Campbell reluctantly owns, exercised his official powers with laudable mildness, in marked contrast to one of his predecessors, Gibbs 'who placed widows and old maids on the floor

of the Court of King's Bench to receive sentence for political libels published in newspapers which they had never read, because they received annuities secured on the profits of the newspapers aforesaid.' He also brought in a bill for the Reform of the Court of Chancery, to the great disgust of Lord Eldon, who already regarded him with that mixture of apprehension and jealousy with which sovereigns and other occupants of places prescriptively regard their apparent or presumptive successors. Copley was not behindhand in the reciprocation of dislike. 'In private Mr. Attorney talked with the most undisguised and unmitigated scorn of the Lord Chancellor. In the House of Commons he applied to the "venerable Judge" all the epithets which courtesy required; but he only came forward in his defence when forced so to do by official etiquette, and then he lavished upon him praise strongly seasoned with sarcasm.' No progress was made in Chancery Reform till the Great Seal was transferred to Copley:—

But we have still some notice to take of our hero before he reached this elevation. While Attorney-General he continued the second in practice in Westminster Hall, though still at a long distance from Scarlett, who, by his own merits and the partiality of Lord Tenterden, was decidedly the first. At this time no state trial nor *cause célèbre* of any sort arose, and I have in vain looked for any further producible specimen of Copley's forensic eloquence. He was wonderfully clear and forcible; but he could not make the tender chords of the heart vibrate, having nothing in unison with them in his own bosom. He was more solicitous about the effect he might produce while speaking than about the ultimate result of the trial. Therefore he was unscrupulous in his statement of facts when opening his case to the jury, more particularly when he knew that he was to leave the court at the conclusion of his address, on the plea of attending to public business elsewhere. I was often his junior, and on one of these occasions, when he was stating a triumphant defence, which we had no evidence to prove, I several times plucked him by the gown and tried to check him. Having told the jury that they were bound to find a verdict in his favour, he was leaving the court; but I said "No! Mr. Attorney, you must stay and examine the witnesses; I cannot afford to bear the discredit of losing the verdict from my seeming incompetence: if you go, I go." He then dexterously offered a reference—to which the other side, taken in by his bold opening, very readily assented.

This is one of the passages which, whether we approve of them or not, give a peculiar zest and value to Lord Campbell's biographies. He is speaking on a

subject which he thoroughly understands, and it sounds like presumption to differ from him. But we have talked over the matter with persons equally well qualified, and we dispute the justice of the criticism, not merely on the strength of their authority, but on the concurring testimony of all who were sufficiently intimate with Lord Lyndhurst to see much of him in his family circle. He had little imagination, and his severe taste precluded the frequent resort to pathos. He was restrained by that sense of the ludicrous which made him protest in his court against the constant re-appearance of the 'wife and ten children face of P——.' But the statement that he could not make the tender chords of the heart vibrate because he had nothing in unison with them in his own bosom, is altogether wrong: it is equally opposed to general experience and to fact. Many of the most consummate masters of pathos have had hearts corroded with vanity and selfishness. It was one of the greatest, Rousseau, that gave rise to the poetic burst—

"What an impostor genius is!

How with that strong mimetic art

Which forms its life and soul, it takes

All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,

Nor feels itself one throb it wakes."

But if there was one thing more remarkable than another about Lord Lyndhurst taken in connexion with his fine, clear intellect and his cold, calm judgment, it was his tenderness and gentleness in his domestic relations, the depth and breadth of his home affections, and the kindness of heart with which he interested himself for his friends. Admitting, then (what is open to dispute), the full force of the Horatian canon, '*Si vis me flere*,' &c., he had every requisite for making the tender chords of the heart vibrate; and if weeping was required to make others weep, he could have wept more naturally than Thurlow when provoking the terrible anathema of Wilkes and the scathing sarcasm of Burke by 'the iron tears down Pluto's cheek.'

It is hardly possible for an advocate who relies on his brief to avoid frequent overstatements; and it has been, time immemorial, the bad habit of the occupied leaders of the bar to undertake more causes than they can properly conduct. But this is the first time we ever heard imputed to Copley either a want of generosity to juniors or indifference to the ultimate result. If he had betrayed such indifference, his practice would speedily have suffered from it. Lord Campbell does not seem to have been aware of a point of advocacy in which

Copley especially excelled—the opening speech. It was his opinion, which we have heard from his own lips, that it was of paramount importance to impress the judge and jury in the first instance with the views and doctrines it was intended to establish and maintain; to lay down a clear definite line at starting and abide by it, instead of waiving for the turn of events during the progress of the cause. Now, an opening speech of this kind demands a careful study of the case in all its bearings: it is the most laborious mode of proceeding, and would not be systematically pursued by one who was habitually indifferent to results. Curran used to say, ‘When you are for the plaintiff, you must read enough of your brief to open the cause; but when you are for the defendant, you may trust to the evidence for the facts.’

Lord Campbell states that he (Copley) was so much pitted by the high Tories about this time, 1824–1826, that he had some vague notion of cutting the profession of the law and accepting a political office, in the hope of succeeding Lord Liverpool. Will any one who remembers the high Tories of that day, headed by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, believe that an Attorney General, remarkable for sagacity, ever entertained so foolish a project? ‘He now more than ever affected the man of fashion, and when he took a trip to Paris was flattered with any railery which supposed that he indulged in all the gaieties of that dissipated capital. By driving himself about the streets of London in a smart cabriolet, with a “tiger” behind, he greatly shocked Lord Eldon, who exclaimed, “What would my worthy old master, George III., have thought of me, had he heard of his Attorney-General comporting himself like a prodigal young heir dissipating a great fortune?”’ This story is better told in the Life of Lord Eldon, where the old peer is made to ask his favourite son, William Henry, what people would have said of him if he had driven about in a cabriolet when he was Solicitor-General. ‘I will tell you what they would have said, dear father,’ replied William Henry, ‘they would have said, There goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in all England.’

Another speculation about a possible change of career is singularly groundless and gratuitous. ‘I know not whether Copley had any view to the Foreign Office, for I never heard him say so; but he particularly cultivated the *corps diplomatique*, who were constantly to be seen at his table and at Lady Copley’s receptions. She now weeded her visiting-book almost entirely of

lawyers, and their wives and daughters; but he, by his *bonhomie*, or rather his *abandon*, contrived to keep up his popularity with all ranks.’

As Lady Copley was the widow of a colonel in the Guards, and their marriage did not take place till he was Solicitor-General, we should infer that few wives and daughters of lawyers, whom it was afterwards deemed advisable to weed out, were ever inscribed on that same visiting-book. She probably made her society as good as she could at starting, and improved it as she went on. If this was a weakness, it was a venial one, which a fond and ambitious husband may be pardoned for sharing with her. He never threw off an old friend; he was never ashamed of a vulgar or unfashionable acquaintance; and to say that a man gradually becomes more select in his intimacies as he becomes famous, is simply to say that he profits by the hardly-earned privileges of mingling with distinguished persons of all classes, with the leaders in literature, science, and politics, as well as with the most accomplished and agreeable members of the gay world. Is it honest pride or vulgar vanity in Horace, when he writes—

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia.

Unless the successful aspirant is fitted for his new position, he seldom retains it long. Copley was eminently fitted for the position he took up: so fitted that he seemed born to it; and a discriminating observer would have said of him what Talleyrand said of Thiers, ‘*Il n’est pas parvenu: il est arrivé.*’

In 1826 he was elected Member for the University of Cambridge, an honour which was, in one respect, a disadvantage, as it committed him more strongly to the opinions of the majority of his constituents, who were opposed to Catholic Emancipation. In the autumn of the same year he became Master of the Rolls, and it was whilst holding this office that he came into warm personal conflict with Canning. Lord Campbell says that the coveted opportunity for coming forward in the character of an inflexible ultra-Protestant was afforded by Plunkett’s motion on the 6th March for removing the disabilities of his Majesty’s Roman Catholic subjects. The motion was made by Sir Francis Burdett, and it was early in the evening of the second day of the adjourned debate that the Master of the Rolls rose from below the gangway, wigged and robed, to make the speech in question.

The principal point he pressed against Canning was that he had not sufficiently guarded the proposed measure by what were called securities; both the point and the arguments in support of it being obviously borrowed from a pamphlet recently published by Dr. Phillpotts, now Bishop of Exeter. Before he had concluded, the plagiarism, as Lord Campbell calls it, was detected by several of the audience, and a stanza from a well-known song was whispered through the House:—

Dear Tom, this brown jug which now foams
with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the
Vale,
Was once Toby Phillpotts'.

We were personal witnesses of the scene. During the first part of the speech Canning's look and attitude, with a pen in his hand taking notes, manifested an intention to reply on the instant, but at the end of the first ten minutes he appeared to have altered his plan, and was observed whispering to Plunkett, who rose after Copley and made an admirable debating speech in which his right honourable and learned friend was severely handled. Then came Goulburn, Brougham, Peel, Canning, and Burdett (in reply). It was a brilliant and memorable night, but neither Canning nor Copley appeared to the greatest advantage. Canning showed too much undue irritation, and Copley foolishly interrupted him to complain of his reading an opinion signed by the law officers of the Crown (Gifford and Copley) on the ground that it was a confidential communication. This led to a sharp altercation, but left no trace of ill-feeling on either side, and the offer of the Great Seal in the following month (April 12th) concluded: '*Phillpotto non obstante*, Ever faithfully yours, George Canning.'

Copley was forthwith raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Lyndhurst of Lyndhurst, in the County of Southampton. 'Every one, foe or friend, had a fling at him; but, on account of his brilliant talents and his delightful manners, the appointment was by no means unpopular.' Surely this sentence again contains something very like a contradiction in terms. Lord Campbell has his fling over again:

In the Court of Chancery he took the oaths, the new Master of the Rolls holding the book. The oath being recorded, he boldly called over the bar. From the ignorance of the practice, motions might have been made which would have greatly perplexed him; but, according to the etiquette mentioned by Roger North, in his account of the inauguration of Lord Shaftesbury,

in the reign of Charles II., nothing was stirred which could alarm a novice in the marble chair; and he rose, whispering with a triumphant smile: "You see how well I get on—Bah! there is nothing in it."

It is also stated that his ignorance of Scotch jurisprudence compelled him to require the extraordinary aid of the Chief Baron and the Master of the Rolls for the disposal of Scotch appeals.

Some of the duties of Chancellor he performed with vigour and *éclat*. Soon after he received the great Seal he brought out a numerous batch of King's counsel,* including all those whom Lord Eldon had long so improperly kept back; and, further, he gave dinners in the most splendid style, heightening the effect of the artistic performances of his French cook and Italian confectioner by his own wit and convivial powers. It was rumoured that his band of attendants at table was sometimes swelled by sheriff's officers put into livery, there being frequent executions in his house; but I believe that for these stories, so generally circulated, there was no sufficient foundation. Notwithstanding all his gains as Attorney and Solicitor General, he certainly was poor; for his private practice had not been very profitable, and he spent money as fast as he earned it. But I have heard him declare that he never had incurred debts which he had not the means of satisfying.

It is really too bad to fasten on Lord Lyndhurst the old story of the bailiffs, which has been told of dozens besides Sheridan, of whom it was literally true.

Catholic Emancipation remained an open question in each successive Cabinet till 1829; and in June, 1828, Lord Lyndhurst followed up his Phillpotts oration by another in the same sense and spirit. But prior to the next meeting of Parliament he had shared the sudden conversion of his colleagues, and arrived at the conviction that the measures could no longer be resisted without provoking a civil war:

While the Catholic Relief Bill was making progress in the House of Commons, there were, from the commencement of the Session, nightly skirmishes in the House of Lords on the presentation of petitions for and against the measure. The Chancellor sometimes mixed in these, and received painful scratches. Lord Eldon, presenting an anti-Catholic petition from the Company of Tailors at Glasgow, the Chancellor, still sitting on the woolsack, said in a stage whisper, loud enough to be heard in the galleries:—"What! do tailors trouble themselves with such measures!"

Lord Eldon.—"My noble and learned friend might have been aware that tailors cannot like *turncoats*." [A loud laugh].

* Among these was Lord Campbell himself.

Here Lyndhurst had the worst of it; and he was hard hit by Lord Winchelsea when the principal debate took place, and the Lord Chancellor delivered a speech in flagrant opposition to that of the preceding June. Lord Winchelsea declared that he knew no parallel to the delivery of two such speeches by the same man within a year, except the delivery of a woman in a parish workhouse in Kent, who was brought to bed of a white baby and a black baby at one birth.

On another occasion Lyndhurst got the laugh on his side. He had stated that the Roman Catholics sate in Parliament long after the Reformation without any danger to the reformed faith:

Lord Eldon. — "Did the noble and learned Lord know that last year?"

Chancellor. — "I confess that I did not; but, my Lords, I have since been prosecuting my studies; I have advanced in knowledge; and, in my humble opinion, even the noble and learned Lord might improve himself in the same way."

This sally set the house in a roar; and being understood as a good-humoured abandonment of character, procured a favourable hearing for the Chancellor during the rest of his speech.

For 'abandonment of character' read 'abandonment of consistency' and the comment may pass. Lord Campbell states that Lord Lyndhurst, 'who had already been Chancellor under three successive premiers holding very opposite opinions,' was not without hopes that he might continue to hold his office under a fourth, and that Lord Grey was by no means disinclined to this arrangement from a wish to keep back Brougham. 'Some alleged that, not insensible in old age to the influence of female charms, the venerable Whig Earl had been captivated by the beauty and lively manners of Lady Lyndhurst, and that her bright eyes were new arguments shot against a transfer of the Great Seal.'

Ladies who complain that the influence of their sex has diminished with the growth of representative and responsible Government, may take comfort from the reflection that, at a most critical period of our annals — the formation of the Reform Cabinet — the character of that Cabinet might have been materially modified by bright eyes. Brougham would accept nothing but the Great Seal, which was transferred to him accordingly, and Lyndhurst accepted the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, an unprecedented, but not an unbecoming, step for an ex-Chancellor:

He continued to preside in the Court of Exchequer four years, again showing that, if he had liked, he might have earned the very high-

est reputation for judicial excellence. . . . He regularly went circuits, saying that "he thought it pleasanter to try larcenies and highway robberies than to listen to seven Chancery lawyers on the same side upon exceptions to the Master's report." He declared that he was even pleased with what Judges generally find intolerable — the duty of receiving the country gentlemen at dinner, when the labours of the day are supposed to be over; but he averred that he not only could make *himself* entertaining to *them*, but that he could make *them* entertaining to *himself* in return.

Lord Palmerston was similarly amused and gratified with what most men of social eminence vote a bore, — the duty of attending public dinners. He was indifferent to bad wine, for he only drank a glass or two: he preferred solid joints to French dishes: and he was pleased with seeing others pleased, which they always were in his company.

The greatest of Lord Lyndhurst's judicial exploits in the Court of Exchequer was his judgment in *Small v. Attwood*, a case which, Lord Campbell states, occupied a greater number of hours than the trial of Warren Hastings:

The leading counsel had a brief, endorsed with a fee of 5000 guineas; many days were occupied in reading the depositions, and weeks in the comments upon them. The Chief Baron paid unwearied attention to the evidence and the arguments, and at last delivered (by all accounts) the most wonderful judgment ever heard in Westminster Hall. It was entirely oral, and, without even referring to any notes, he employed a long day in stating complicated facts, in entering into complex calculations, and in correcting the misrepresentations of the counsel on both sides. Never once did he falter or hesitate, and never once was he mistaken in a name, a figure, or a date. Nevertheless, it was finally held that he had come to a wrong conclusion on the merits.

The decree was reversed on appeal to the House of Lords by Lord Cottenham and Lord Brougham; Lord Lyndhurst adhering to his original opinion.

Lord Lyndhurst's replies to Lord Brougham in the Reform Bill debates were fully equal to the occasion, but the Local Courts Bill of 1833 was the field in which they fought their best contested fight. This was Brougham's favourite measure, and it was highly important, in a party point of view, on account of the vast amount of patronage it created. It portended ruin to the principal agency firms of London attorneys, and a deputation waited on Lord Lyndhurst to request him to oppose it, which he was ready enough to do, but pointed out to them that Brougham's chief arguments were drawn

from foreign systems of jurisprudence of which he (Lord L.) knew little or nothing, whereupon they agreed to supply him with the required information. They applied to a barrister who had made the foreign systems his peculiar study, and he drew up a summary of objections (printed in pamphlet form) showing that Brougham had exceeded his usual allowance of inaccuracies. Armed with this Lyndhurst entered the lists, but he had not taken the pains to master the subject, and his first speech was principally composed of extracts from the pamphlet presented in a crude undigested shape. He had lounged down to the House of Lords with a handsome woman on his arm, looking more like a colonel of cavalry than a Chief Baron, and in so unprepared a state that he was obliged to get the passages he had to read marked for him. He was piqued at what he had done or rather left undone, and before the third reading he had used the materials as they were meant to be used, blending them (as it were) with his own mind; and, quite as much to the astonishment as to the annoyance of Brougham encountered and vanquished him on his own chosen ground. The Bill was thrown out, and Lyndhurst's triumph was complete, but when the respite attorneys proffered their grateful acknowledgment he told them that they should 'go and thank — (the writer of the pamphlet) who had done it all.' The principle of the measure was sound, and was afterwards beneficially carried out.

We are obliged to pass over his political career, though stirring and influential, for the four years ending November, 1834, when he again became Lord Chancellor in the Ministry formed by Sir Robert Peel, which terminated in April, 1835. But we must pause on an episode which occurred, if it occurred at all, during the next two or three years, the last of William IV. :

Whilst the Melbourne Ministry was tottering, and Sir Robert Peel was simultaneously silent in the House of Commons and sulking at Drayton Manor, his Majesty, not liking to ask the Duke a second time, directly appealed to Lord Lyndhurst to take the reins *if Peel refused*. The high courage and self-confidence of Lord Lyndhurst could only admit of one answer. He accepted his Majesty's expression of his desire as an injunction, and the terms on which he was to assume the Premiership were *as formally arranged as such terms ever are*. He was to have twelve seats placed at his disposal in the Commons for young aspirants of his party capable of rendering him service in debate. Those who were to occupy them were indicated wholly or in part, and our readers will learn a remarkable proof of his Lordship's discrimination when we mention that the first on the list was Mr. Dis-

raeli, then a young man not yet recognised by the public as a statesman. Another was Sir F. Thesiger, and a third Mr. Bickham Escott. At the suggestion of the King himself, Lord Lyndhurst was to have had an earldom, and with the title of Earl Copley was to have led the ranks of the reaction and to have dictated the policy which the country was now evidently preparing to receive from a Conservative Minister. This plan, as the readers of history know, was not carried out, but they are little aware how nearly it came to the point of supplanting the history with which they are familiar.*

The authority which we have heard given for this startling revelation, and which may be guessed, is hardly sufficient to outweigh the internal evidence of its improbability. The sailorlike frankness of the King forbids the notion that he would have been engaged in the formation of one Ministry whilst openly giving his confidence to another which was sustaining the full responsibilities of office; and we should be sorry to believe Lord Lyndhurst guilty of the double treachery to Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel implied in such an intrigue, having just acted with apparent cordiality under Sir Robert Peel, and being prepared (as the event proved) to act under him again. Although the King's appeal was conditional — 'if Peel refused' — the terms were *as formally arranged 'as such terms ever are;'* the chief of those terms being that he was to have twelve seats placed at his disposal! Twelve seats in the reformed House of Commons! This is simply preposterous; and little less preposterous is the supposition that an experienced politician like Lord Lyndhurst was prepared to encounter the Whigs and defy the moderate Tories who remained faithful to their tried and faithful leader, with a band led by two 'young aspirants' who had not yet entered the House, and a third (Mr. Bickham Escott), who had no weight in it. We have not been able to discover a single person who so much as heard of this intrigue till it was mentioned by the leading journal. The information, we are assured, was quite new to Lord Chelmsford.

On the same authority we are requested to believe that the happy thought of the reviews of the session, by which Lord Lyndhurst largely added to his fame, came from Mr. Disraeli; and Lord Campbell goes the length of saying 'it was believed that they (Lord Lyndhurst and Mr. Disraeli) used jointly to write articles in the "Times" against Lord Melbourne.' Was it also believed that they used jointly to

* The 'Times,' October 13, 1863.

write novels 'Coningsby' and 'Tancred,' for example, which appeared in the hey-day of their intimacy?

Frequent passages of arms took place as usual between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, who, we learn, occasionally suspended hostility to combine in running down their future biographer — *hinc illa lacrima*.* We must pass over these as well as the greater part of the chapters devoted to Lord Lyndhurst's career in the House of Lords. As he took part in most of the measures brought before that august assembly, and assisted in deciding every appeal of note, these chapters, together with the corresponding chapters in the Life of Lord Brougham, may be almost said to constitute its legislative and judicial history for a full quarter of a century. They are highly valuable in this point of view, and they enable us to fix with confidence the precise degree of merit which must be accorded to the principal actors on the scene. Lord Lyndhurst's excellence obviously lay in the discrimination and sagacity with which he checked bad measures and promoted good — in the practical good sense, sound knowledge, and breadth of view with which he guided the deliberations and judgments of the Peers. He originated little, but he corrected, perfected, or improved much; and it is no slight praise to say that, without his controlling care, the statute book and the jurisprudence of England would be much more imperfect than they are. Sound and useful measures are sure to pass in the long run; they had better not be passed till the public mind is ripe for them, and Lord Lyndhurst frequently did excellent service when Lord Campbell could see nothing but the mischievous meddling of an obstructor-general in what he did, *e.g.* : —

Having observed from several trials before me the frightful extent to which the circulation of obscene books and prints was carried, and the insufficiency of the remedy by indictment against the publishers, I had introduced a bill giving a power to search for, carry away, and destroy such abominations, under a warrant to be obtained from a magistrate. For some unaccountable reason, Lyndhurst violently opposed this measure, and on the second reading he delivered a most elaborate, witty, unfair, and I must add, *profligate* speech against the bill, and moved

* I alone ventured on anything approaching to opposition, and I appeared in the House of Lords not under very auspicious circumstances, having held the Great Seal of Ireland for a few weeks only when I was forced to abandon power and place. Lyndhurst, notwithstanding our long and familiar intimacy, was disposed to treat me very cavalierly, and, with Brougham's help, to crush me as speedily as possible.

that it be read a second time that day three months. His motion was rejected, and on the third reading we had such a rough passage of arms that the *entente cordiale* which had subsisted between us for nearly ten years was for a while suspended, and diplomatic relations were not restored between my noble and learned friend and myself till the beginning of the following year.

'Profligate' is a strong word to apply to an ex-Chancellor in his eighty-fifth year, and we turned to the debate to discover the justification. Lord Lyndhurst opposed the measure on the ground that it did not meet the admitted evil, and that, so far as it was likely to prove operative at all, it would be mischievous. The Bill gave power to seize all books and prints which a police-officer might think 'obscene;' and Lord Lyndhurst showed that, under this description, some of the finest productions of art and literature might be seized. He instanced the engraved prints of the 'Jupiter and Antiope,' and the 'Danae' of Correggio, which, without any extraordinary pruriency of imagination, might be classified with the obscene; and he showed that many stock-books (like 'Brantôme' and 'Casanova'), in the most select libraries, would infallibly be treated like the books of chivalry in Don Quixote's, which were flung into the fire. The publishers of the last complete edition of Shelley's works were prosecuted and found guilty of blasphemy, on the strength of the notes to 'Queen Mab;' and the collected works of the best authors (Pope, Dryden, Swift, Prior, Congreve, for example) contain more or less of what would come within the definition of 'obscene.' The Bill would have stopped the sale of most modern French novels; the whole of Etty's studies from the Nude (sold at Christie's), would have been destroyed, and the 'Leda' of the National Gallery, whose charms are prudently kept back from the general public, would be dragged into broad daylight and brought to shame. The Lord Chancellor (Cottenham), Lord Brougham, and Lord Wensleydale, agreed with Lord Lyndhurst. Lord Wensleydale, a grave man not given to profligacy, adopted and repeated his argument; yet Lord Campbell did not hesitate to begin his reply by imputing to his opponents, who had expressed their full concurrence in his object, a wish to promote the circulation of obscenity : —

Lord Campbell said he thought the particular street to which he had referred but not named, would rejoice greatly upon learning that the cause of free trade in obscene publications had been upheld by such distinguished authorities.

Lord Campbell states that he and Lord Lyndhurst had various consultations on 'the foolish government scheme' of creating peers for life. The scheme may or may not have been foolish; but it did not lie in Lord Campbell's mouth to stigmatise it, for the following note may be read in a preceding volume of his works:—

The Crown certainly might grant a peerage for life; and, in some instances, the prerogative might be usefully exercised; but there would be much danger of its being abused; and, with all the defects of the hereditary branch of the Legislature, there would be great difficulty in finding a substitute for it, or in altering the mode of its formation. — *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. vii. p. 688, note.

Now if the prerogative was to be exercised at all, we should be puzzled to name an instance in which it could have been more usefully exercised than in that of Lord Wensleydale, a retired judge of high reputation and independent fortune, whose assistance was much needed for the appellate jurisdiction of the Peers. Lord Lyndhurst was eighty-three when he delivered his speech against this scheme. His difficulty was in keeping so long upon his legs, an exertion which gave him great pain; but he could not be persuaded to follow the example of Lord Chatham, who said of an approaching debate: 'If I cannot speak standing, I will speak sitting, and if I cannot speak sitting, I will speak *lying*.' 'Which he will do, in whatever position he speaks,' remarked Lord North.* After making this speech, Lord Lyndhurst stated that he felt a more than usual degree of trepidation when he rose, adding (what he repeated to Sir Henry Holland) that he never rose to speak at any time of life without nervous emotion.

Interspersed with a superabundant mass of political and legal information are some personal passages containing an embarrassing mixture of truth and error:—

Lord Lyndhurst had for some time been a gay widower, but being at Paris in the autumn of 1837, he fell in love with a beautiful Jewess. He gave her his hand, and spent the honeymoon with her at Fontainebleau. He used to give a glowing description of his happiness there, and she continued to make him a most excellent wife. She was the daughter of Lewis Goldsmith, a Portuguese Jew, once famous as the author of a Jacobinical, or rather regicidal, book—"The Crimes of Cabinets"—and who had been em-

ployed privately by all the great governments of Europe. Although the new Lady Lyndhurst, like her predecessor, tried to become a leader of fashion, she preserved an unsuspected reputation, and took devoted care of her husband, who, notwithstanding the juvenility of his mind and of his habits, was now sinking into the vale of years.

Surely Lord Campbell should have refrained from speaking of a lady still living as having preserved an unsuspected reputation by way of placing her in invidious contrast to her predecessor, or of having 'tried' to become a leader of fashion. He might have learned that she took up at once, without an effort or the need of one, the position to which she was entitled as Lord Lyndhurst's wife, and that the notion of any description of disparity in age or habits never crossed the mind of either. To take another specimen:—

Although so well grounded at the University both in classics and mathematics, he had no real pleasure in literary or scientific pursuits, and his reading did not extend beyond the volumes supplied by a circulating library. When living in London in his father's old house, George Street, Hanover Square, he had a daily call from Lord Brougham, who brought him the gossip of the clubs. All rivalry having ceased, there was now equal cordiality between the two—with this difference, that Brougham generally spoke rather respectfully of Lyndhurst behind his back, while Lyndhurst, behind Brougham's back, was always ready to join in exaggerating his faults and in laughing at his eccentricities. During the rest of the day till it was time to take an airing in his carriage, Lyndhurst was ready to receive all visitors who might drop in—and a great many came, chiefly lawyers and members of the *corps diplomatique*. On these occasions it was expedient to go late and stay the last; for I observed the practice to be that each visitor, on departing, furnished a subject of satirical remark for the master of the house and those who remained.

His Lordship's opportunities of observation must have been limited or exceedingly ill employed. There was a time when this sort of *persiflage* was in vogue, and people who left a room or a country-house, might have felt, with Sir Peter Teazle, that they left their characters behind them. But the fashion has happily passed away, and Lord Lyndhurst was the last man to countenance it at any time. He was remarkably considerate and goodnatured in conversation; and no one, latterly at least, would have ventured at his house or in his hearing to depreciate Lord Brougham. On one occasion, when some one happened to say that Brougham was made up of second-rate qual-

* A still more pointed remark, by Lord Chesterfield, on Lord Chatham's avowed intention to speak in a horizontal position, has been preserved by Horace Walpole and is embodied in the original MS. at Strawberry Hill.

ities or titles to fame — "Do you call his speaking second-rate?" instantly interposed Lyndhurst. He read little till his retirement from office, but of late years he read a great deal, and there was hardly a new publication of any mark in any class of literature with which he was not speedily acquainted. He also made a point of mastering the 'Blue Books' on every important question of the day. His eyes required very powerful spectacles, but seemed equal to any amount of work. During his last visit to Paris, emulating Cato who learned Greek at eighty, he took regular French lessons with a master.

In a concluding 'character' the biographer returns to the charge of want of principle, prefaced with the remark, — "Having passed so many happy hours in his company, I bear him only good will, and I am ever pleased when with a safe conscience I can write anything in his praise." Therefore we are told: —

He has been consciously contented with a "wounded name," the only limit to his aberration from rectitude being that he should not lose his social position, trusting to dexterity and good luck to escape the perils he encountered, and occasionally venturing on the very brink of destruction. He justly placed great reliance on his manners, which were most agreeable, and which often saved him; for they were accepted as a substitute for virtue. His chief resource was recklessness in conversation. He used unmeasured freedom with himself, as well as his colleagues and opponents, and, representing his own character to be worse than it really was, he often induced a belief that all that himself and others said against him must be taken as mere *mystification and badinage*.

Consciously contented with a wounded name, yet being, as we have seen, distinguished by a spirited and noble bearing and an erect gait! Surely Lord Campbell might have remembered the scene in the House of Lords when Lord Melbourne, irritated by the course taken by Lord Lyndhurst, exclaimed that the Duke of Wellington would not have taken such a course, 'but the noble Duke is a gentleman.' Lord Lyndhurst sprang to his feet, and with flashing eyes demanded: 'Does the noble Viscount mean to say or imply that I am not a gentleman?' The offensive expression was withdrawn.

The intellectual superiority which it would be absurd to deny, is admitted and described with tolerable accuracy: —

His abilities certainly were of the highest order. For the *genus demonstrativum dicendi* he was by far the best performer I have known in my time, yet he had not much fancy, and he

never rose to impassioned eloquence. Along with a most vigorous understanding, he was gifted with a wonderful memory, which has remained unimpaired down to the present time.

Then come two paragraphs, in which the accuracy bears to the inaccuracy about the same proportion that Falstaff's bread bore to his sack.

I never heard of his being engaged in any literary undertaking, except writing some letters in "The Times" newspaper along with Benjamin Disraeli, under the signature of "Runnymede." He was fond in his speeches of introducing quotations, but they were supplied by his early reading, and some favourite ones (as Burke's on "American Taxation," touching the happy effects of a conciliatory policy) had often received the meed of Parliamentary approbation.

He might have risen to celebrity as a "dinner-out." Without being epigrammatic or positively witty, his talk was always sparkling and always pleasing. He possessed to a high degree the invaluable art of making those with whom he conversed *dearer to themselves*. He never condescended to anything like direct flattery; but he felicitously hit upon the topic which he knew would tickle the *amour propre* of those whom he wished to dulcify. His grand resource was to abuse or to ridicule the absent. He relied, with undoubting faith, upon the implied confidence among gentlemen, that conversational sallies are sacred, and he would, without scruple or apprehension, say things which if repeated must immediately bring about a quarrel if not a duel. He was accustomed, when conversing with political opponents, to abuse and laugh at his own colleagues and associates, and above all to abuse and laugh at the rivals of those whom he was addressing. Yet such was his tact, that I never knew him brought into any scrape by this lingual licence.

We have consulted every surviving friend of his that we could discover, and they are unanimous in denouncing these charges of backbiting and social treachery as utterly groundless. He was never driven to what is termed his grand resource; for it was by variety, fecundity, and playfulness that he charmed. He had humour, if not wit. A specimen has been oddly preserved by being misappropriated. In a printed letter from James Smith, one of the authors of 'Rejected Addresses' (dated May 21, 1836), this passage occurs: —

Our dinner party yesterday at H——'s Chambers in the Temple was very lively. Mrs. N—— was dressed in pink with a black lace veil: her hair smooth, with a twist behind, and a string of small pearls across her forehead. Hook was the lion of the dinner-table, whereupon I, like Addison, "did sustain my dignity by a stiff silence." An opportunity for a *bon*

not, however, occurred, which I had not virtue to resist. Lord L—— mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached cases, the male authors in one, and the female in another, I said, "I suppose she did not wish to add to her library."

The joke was made by Lord Lyndhurst; the story, an invented pleasantry, illustrative of Madame de Genlis' prudery, having been related by the host. This same evening he was standing at an open window, looking on the Temple Garden, in a meditative mood, when a lady asked him what he was thinking about; 'I was listening to those bells'—the very Bow bells that called back Whittington were ringing at the time—'they seem to be calling to me—'

Turn again, Lyndhurst dear,
Three times Lord Chancellor.

Lord Campbell would probably say that this had distinct reference to a meditated act of tergiversation, directed towards the fourth chancellorship.

'The Life of Lord Lyndhurst' closes quietly and gracefully with a short Postscript by the Editor, beginning thus:—

This Memoir is carried down to the month of August, 1858. My father might have continued the narrative through nearly three years more before his own life was suddenly closed, but having meanwhile become Lord Chancellor, he lost the scanty leisure that he had previously devoted to biographical labours, and no further entry was made. Little, however, remained for him to record.

The most interesting passage in this Postscript is the description of a dinner (by the present Lord-Advocate, Moncrieff) at Stratheden House, in June, 1860, at which all the greatest lawyers of the day were gathered together.

The last time Lord Lyndhurst spoke in the House of Lords was on the 7th May, 1861, on the law of domicile. He died on the 12th of October, 1863, in the ninety-second year of his age.

The 'Life of Lord Brougham' begins, like that of Lord Lyndhurst, with a profession of impartiality, which is similarly and immediately belied. But there is this essential difference: it is free from all semblance of bitterness; and the purpose of the most damaging passages seems rather to quiz or make fun of Lord Brougham than to stigmatise him.

The chief difficulty to be encountered in this undertaking is to determine the scale upon which the "Life of Lord Brougham" is to be composed. Volumes to load many camels might be filled with detailed accounts of all the doings,

writings, and speeches, by which he has excited the passing interest of his contemporaries. If these were read posterity might consider him a *myth*, like the Grecian Hercules, to whom the exaggerated exploits of many different individuals are ascribed. But notwithstanding the very large space which, while living, he has occupied in the public eye, a considerable man may doubt whether his permanent fame will be great in proportion. By seeking distinction in almost every department of genius, he has failed to establish a great name in any. He accomplished nothing as a statesman; he cannot be said to have extended the bounds of human knowledge by philosophical discovery; his writings, although displaying marvellous fertility, are already falling into neglect; his speeches, which when delivered nearly set the world on fire, when perused in print cause disappointment and weariness; and he must chiefly be remembered by the professional and party struggles in which he was engaged, and by the judicial improvements which he assisted to introduce. The narrative of his biographer ought to be proportioned to the curiosity respecting him which is likely to be felt in after times.

To comply with this exigency the narrative must assume very large proportions, for posterity will certainly not accept Lord Campbell's estimate or criterion of Lord Brougham. It cannot be admitted for a moment that creative genius, the production of a standard work taking rank as a masterpiece, or the positive extension of the bounds of knowledge by discovery, is essential to permanent fame. We recently protested against this doctrine when more plausibly applied by Sir Henry Bulwer to Mackintosh. A distinguished foreigner has assailed the reputation of Bacon on nearly the same ground, namely, that he had made no specific discovery worth talking about, and written nothing that could be placed in the first class of literature. Where, we ask again, would Voltaire stand if he were denied the vantage-ground of his universality? Yet Bacon's influence in the seventeenth century, and Voltaire's in the eighteenth, were felt in all branches of knowledge, in all ranges of speculation, throughout the whole domain of thought. This is the true test of intellectual grasp and power. What was a writer's, thinker's, orator's, statesman's influence upon his age? Did he retard or accelerate its progress? Would it have been different had he never lived? Apply this test to Brougham, and he ascends at once to the table-land on which d'Alembert brings together the master-minds of all times, whatever the form or method in or by which they compelled the recognition of their superiority.

The distinctive quality of Brougham, the

source and stamp of what we shall make bold to call his greatness, was his impulsive power, his propelling force, resulting from his grasp of mind, his prodigious capacity for labour, his indomitable energy, and his excitability. He had his part in almost every grand and successful effort for the improvement and well-being of mankind during nearly two generations: and there are at least two subjects, Popular Education and Law Reform, for which he has done as much as Clarkson did for the Abolition of the Slave-trade, Howard for Prisons, O'Connell for Catholic Emancipation, or Cobden for Free-trade. We shall show this out of Lord Campbell's own pages, and the fact of his not seeing or not acknowledging as much, is a serious drawback to any confidence we might be disposed to place in him as the volunteer biographer of Lord Brougham.

Whatever the fitting dimensions of a memoir intended for posterity it is clear that we, restricted in space and writing for contemporaries familiar with the leading events, must confine ourselves to those which are most illustrative or least known. A year has not elapsed since the salient passages of his career were recapitulated and discussed in the numerous biographical notices called forth by his death, and the best topics are apt to be voted tiresome, when they have lost the charm of freshness. It is not generally known, however, that Brougham pushed his pride of birth to an absolutely ridiculous extent, and we suspect that he was quizzing his biographer when he enlarged upon it:—

He has told me that "Jockey of Norfolk," the democratic and proud Duke who flourished in the reign of George III., used to say when he came to the North of England, "You talk of your Percys and Greys in this country, but the only true gentleman among you is Mr. Brougham of Brougham. We Howards have sprung up only recently; but the Broughams were at Brougham in the time of Antoninus. They distinguished themselves in the Holy Wars, and in some of the most important events of early English History."

Henry Brougham, of Brougham Hall *alias* the Bird's Nest, a man of eccentric habits, settled in Edinburgh, where he married the niece of Robertson the historian, and the Chancellor, the eldest son of this marriage, was quite as proud of his maternal as of his paternal descent. He was born in Edinburgh on the 14th of September, 1778, and was one of a long list of distinguished men who were fond of tracing their genius, or the training which led to success in life, to their mothers.

His education was exclusively Scotch, at the High School and University of Edinburgh; and Lord Campbell justly takes credit to the Scotch system for producing him. But he was a striking exemplification of the well-known remark of Gibbon, that 'every man who rises above the common level has received two educations: the first from his teachers, the second, more personal and important, from himself.' Brougham's set task and studies did not suffice to occupy him:—

Mr. Richardson, a valued friend of mine and a far-away cousin of Brougham, writes to me:

"The first time I was introduced to him he was about twelve years old, and was on one of the bridges at Edinburgh, with a huge quarto under his arm, which proved to be a volume of the work of La Place, in the original. I wondered what sort of a lad this must be who not only studied mathematics for pleasure, but through the medium of a foreign tongue."

Speaking of him in 1795, when he had been four years at the University attending almost all the classes, Lord Campbell expresses an opinion that, if shut up in a tower without books, he would have produced at the end of the year (barring a few ludicrous blunders) a very tolerable encyclopædia. About the same time we find him addressing scientific papers to the Royal Society, and soon afterwards, having been elected a member of the Speculative Society, taking a prominent share in its proceedings and debates. He was simultaneously distinguished by his eccentricities. On one occasion, when Jeffrey, Cockburn, Moncrieff (afterwards Lord Moncrieff), and Cunningham, were of the party, after having twisted off divers knockers and smashed divers lamps, he suddenly stole away and gave information to the guardians of the night for the fun of seeing his graver companions carried off and shut up in the Tolbooth. But they took to their heels, and all escaped but one, who got off by a bribe of five shillings to the constable. This part of the memoir is rich in original and well-authenticated anecdotes.

He was called to the Scotch bar in June, 1800, but Lord Campbell, having diligently searched the immediately ensuing Law Reports without finding his name, surmises that he was considered a man of science rather than a lawyer, and that no writer to the signet would trust him with a brief. To show what he could do in the line of advocacy, or by way of frolic, he went the Southern Circuit as a 'brother of mercy,' i.e. as gratuitous counsel for pauper prisoners, and a curious account of his adventures is given on the authority of Sir

Thomas Dick Lander. Little or nothing but amusement and an increased reputation for oddity came of this expedition: so, finding the Scotch law flat, stale, and unprofitable, he turned aside to authorship, and set to work on his 'Colonial Policy.' The 'Edinburgh Review' was projected towards the end of 1801, and the first number appeared on the 10th October, 1802. Here we have another instance of that fallibility of memory of which we have already spoken. At the request of Mr. Robert Chambers, Lord Jeffrey gave a detailed account, in 1846, of the origin and commencement of the Review. Extracts from this communication (which has already appeared in print) are given in Lord Cockburn's 'Life of Lord Jeffrey,' including this passage:— 'He (Sydney Smith) had so strange an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness that he would not let him be a member of our Association though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third Number, and did more work for us than anybody.' Lord Campbell treats his communication as a 'pretended letter from Lord Jeffrey,' and asserts positively, on the authority of Lord Murray, one of the founders, that Brougham contributed three articles to the first Number; which, by the way, contained four by Horner, five by Jeffrey, and seven by Sydney Smith. On the 1st September, 1802, five weeks before the appearance of the number, Horner writes:—

Jeffrey has written three or four excellent papers, and Brougham is now an efficient and zealous member of the party. Brougham has selected from the "Philosophical Transactions" Herschell's discovery of the sympathy between the spots of the sun and the prices of wheat in Reading market.

This, coupled with internal evidence, must be held decisive of the point, and the required explanation of the 'pretended letter' will of course be supplied by Mr. Chambers. The following passage is a curious specimen of Lord Campbell's mode of writing:

The scheme was first concocted in a room on the eighth or ninth story or flat of a house in Buccleugh Place, then the residence of Jeffrey, and instead of the motto ultimately adopted from Publius Syrus, "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur," it was proposed to take the line from Virgil's first "Elogue," "Tenui musam meditatur avena." "We cultivate the Muse, living on a little oatmeal."

Although there are no marks of quotation, no reference, not the remotest allusion to Sydney Smith, our readers will at once

recognise Sydney Smith's comic account of the concoction, with the alteration of a phrase or two, and that alteration for the worse. Lord Campbell's mode of statement would imply that the proposal to take the line from Virgil for the motto was made in sober seriousness, and that Jeffrey really was living in the eighth or ninth storey. But Lord Campbell knew Edinburgh well, and, at all events, he must have read in Lord Cockburn's Life that the elevated abode of Jeffrey (as Sydney Smith called it) was 'not in either the eighth or ninth storeys, neither of which ever existed, but in the third storey of what is now No. 18 of that street.' The oral authority of Lord Cockburn is vouched for another strange story in connexion with the 'Review':—

Brougham, after he came to reside in London, wrote to Jeffrey, saying that he had immediate occasion for 1000*l.*, which must be remitted to him by return of post, and for which there should be value delivered for the *blue and buff*. The 1000*l.* was *duly remitted, and in the course of six weeks Brougham sent down articles on a vast variety of subjects, which made up an entire number of the "Edinburgh Review,"* one of these being on a "New Mode of performing the Operation of Lithotomy," another upon "The Dispute as to Light between the Emissionists and the Undulationists," and a third on the "Music of the Chinese."

Lord Campbell asked Jeffrey whether this was true, and got for answer, 'I will not vouch for its literal truth, but Brougham certainly was wonderful for his vigour and variety.' No doubt he was; but it is postposterous to suppose that he requested an advance of a thousand pounds on his articles, or that an entire Number was made up of articles composed by him within six weeks. It would have taken fifty sheets (800 pages), at the higher rate of remuneration, to write off the debt, and it may be questioned whether Brougham regularly received the higher rate of remuneration, for people never looked for his contributions as they did for those of Sydney, Jeffrey, Horner, and Mackintosh. He succeeded in smashing Professor Young and his theory of Undulation, which is now almost universally received, and Lord Campbell gives him the credit, or discredit, of the review of the 'Hours of Idleness,' which led to the terrible retaliation of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'

Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the
sale,
Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail.

Lord Byron adds in a note, 'Mr. Brougham, in No. 25 of the "Edinburgh Review," throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.' The noble poet died in the belief that Brougham was his assailant in the 'Review,' but there is no direct evidence of the authorship, and both Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Lockhart were disposed to acquit Brougham. The internal evidence is against him, as is the circumstance that it has never been fixed on any one else. In 1803 he published his 'Colonial Policy,' which did not add much to his reputation. In 1805 he resolved on quitting the Scotch for the English bar, and transferred his domicile to London. He was almost immediately made free of that brilliant Whig society which had its headquarters at Brookes's and Holland House, and he became highly popular in it.

By a natural instinct which taught him his own relative value he seemed, from his first introduction to men of the highest birth and the most distinguished position, to feel himself on an entire equality with them, and, without any approach to vulgarity or impertinence, he treated them with the utmost familiarity. While he could address himself with much dexterity to the *amour propre* of those with whom he conversed, he betrayed occasionally his power of sarcasm, and he was courted both on account of what was pleasant about him and what was formidable. As he advanced, in consequence, he ruled more by fear than by love; but when envy and rivalry did not interfere, his amiable qualities again shone out; he was almost always obliging, and sometimes he was actually friendly.

This is truly as well as fairly sketched. *Oh si sic omnia*. He was called to the English Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1808, and Lord Campbell expatiates on his grievous disappointment at starting. 'Neither brief nor retainer came in, and the world seemed quite unconscious of the great epoch which was supposed to have arrived in our forensic history.'

He did not get into regular practice till he had acquired celebrity in the House of Commons; and even then he was rarely trusted with cases which involved heavy points of law, or required discretion in the management. He got a few Scotch appeals, and these brought him into early conflict with Lord Eldon, who persisted in calling him Mr. *Brougham*, till a formal remonstrance arrived through the assistant-clerk, whereupon the Chancellor gave in, and complimented the offended counsel at the conclu-

sion of the argument, saying, 'Every authority upon the question has been brought before us; New Brooms sweep clean.'

He failed in getting into Parliament till the beginning of 1810, when he was elected for Camelford. He was expected to fire off an oration the very night he took his seat, but he had made a vow not to speak for a month, and kept it. 'It was remarked that, for the future, he never was in his place a whole evening in either House of Parliament without regularly or irregularly more than once taking part in the discussions.' This is a little overstated; but his oratory was irrepressible; and he would have suffered from suppressed speech, as another man might suffer from suppressed gout. Although his first attempt was a failure, he soon fought his way to the front, and the end of his first Session was competing for the leadership of the Opposition, then held by the Right Honourable George Ponsonby, ex-Chancellor of Ireland. One of the best things in the 'New Whig Guide' (which has escaped the notice of Lord Campbell) is the 'Trial of Henry Brougham for Mutiny,' the joint composition of Mr. Croker, Mr. (the late Sir Robert) Peel, and Lord Palmerston. The trial is supposed to take place before Lord Grenville and a Special Jury. The principal offences set forth in the indictment were, having made 'divers propositions or motions, without having communicated the same to the Right Honourable George Ponsonby, and having called the said Right Honourable Gentleman an old woman, contrary to good manners, and the said George, his place, and dignity.' After the examination of Mr. Ponsonby,—

Lord Duncannon was called to prove that several members of the Opposition had complained of the prisoner, and mentioned Peg Wharton. Q. Do you recollect any other? A. Yes, Mr. Plummer.—Q. Did Mr. Plummer make any comment or critique upon the prisoner? A. He said he was a d—d long-winded lawyer; and repeated the same thing fifty times over.—Q. What do you mean? Was it Mr. Plummer or the prisoner who repeated the same thing fifty times over? A. Both.

The case for the prosecution closed with the evidence of the Honourable Frederic Douglas, who deposed to the fact of the prisoner having told him in confidence that Mr. Ponsonby was an old woman:—

The prisoner attempted to set up an alibi, by the waiter of the Exchequer Coffee-house, but failed, it being clearly proved that he had spoken thirty-two times on the night on which he alleged he was absent from the House.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, said he threw himself on the mercy of the Court. He was willing to retract anything he had ever said — solemnly denied he had meant anything disrespectful to Mr. Ponsoby by calling him an old woman, and saw nothing in the character of old women that should make it a matter of reproach to be likened to one of that respectable and amiable class of society.

Careless whether his claim to the leadership was formally recognised or not, he took the lead on so many important questions that the general public could not well help regarding him as leader, and the recalcitrant Whigs gradually succumbed to him, much as, under somewhat similar circumstances, the Conservatives after the death of Lord George Bentwick succumbed to Mr. Disraeli. Wilberforce readily surrendered to him the great question of negro slavery, which he pressed with his wonted energy till the measure of abolition was complete. He moved an address on this subject, supported by an admirable speech, in June 1810. Another opportunity for successful display was presented by the 'Orders in Council' against which he had spoken largely at the bar. The series of speeches which he delivered on this subject in 1812 were alone sufficient to justify his pretensions to the lead. But he must have excited no small amount of jealousy and distrust in the Whig patrons of boroughs, for on the dissolution in that year he lost his seat for Camelford, and no other was provided for him till 1816, when the Earl of Darlington (the first Duke of Cleveland), at the instance of the Countess, returned him for Winchelsea. He made a gallant attempt (with Creevey) to get in for Liverpool on the strength of the services he had rendered to the commercial community in general, and to that great city in particular, by rescinding the Orders in Council; but Canning and General Gascoigne were returned by a large majority, and, to add to Brougham's mortification, a seat was forthwith provided for Creevey, whose claims on the party could not bear comparison with his own. He also made an unsuccessful dash at the Inverkeithing district of burghs.

Though he bitterly felt this break in his parliamentary career, his four years' exclusion was by no means barren of laurels, and he made some speeches in what Lord Campbell calls the sedition line, which largely added to his fame. The best of these were in defence of 'The Examiner,' then conducted by John and Leigh Hunt, who were prosecuted first for an article on military flogging, and secondly for a libel on the Prince Regent. He succeeded in one case

and failed in the other. On his return to Parliament he spoke with a frequency and fecundity indicating a determination to make up for lost time. He was like Munchausen's trumpet when the frozen tunes began to thaw. He got into frequent conflicts with Canning, a congenial spirit in many ways, but rather eschewed Castlereagh, whose calm and bold front disconcerted, if it did not cow and intimidate him. This was the period when he associated his name honourably and permanently with Education, — a question which far-sighted statesmen now believe to involve the future well-being and good government of this realm. He was the first to compel the recognition of its paramount importance, and he especially exposed at starting the gross abuses that had crept into the educational trusts and foundations in which England is so rich. Some exaggerations into which he was hurried by his zeal laid him open to a powerful and cutting retort which appeared in the pages of this journal. It was substantially the composition of Dr. Monk, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, but its pungency and popularity were mainly owing to the touches of Mr. Croker and Mr. Canning; and the knowledge or suspicion of this fact led Sydney Smith, in the course of his controversy with the Bishop, to throw out an insinuation which was hardly justified by the circumstances.*

The turning point of Brougham's career was the Queen's Trial. This placed him incontestably on the highest pinnacle of popularity, established his parliamentary position on a firm basis, and attracted an overflow of briefs. He had been her legal adviser for many years prior to her royal husband's accession to the throne which brought matters to a crisis, and had proved a tolerably discreet adviser on the whole. The correspondence recently brought to light in Mr. Yonge's 'Life of Lord Liverpool' shows that he did his best to restrain her from violent courses, and for some time after her arrival in England, — a step taken without consulting him, she suspected him of treachery or lukewarmness, and placed herself under the guidance of Alderman Wood, an honest well-meaning man, whose bustling vanity had gained him the nickname

* 'If my excellent patron, Earl Grey, had any reasons of this kind, he may at least be sure that the reviews commonly attributed to me were at least written by me. I should have considered myself as the lowest of created beings to have disguised myself in another man's wit and sense, and to have received a reward to which I was not entitled.' — *Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*. Letters are extant from the Bishop declaring him the author of the article; and so no doubt he thought himself, regarding the plums stuck into his pudding as no addition to its solidity or weight.

of 'Absolute Wisdom.' Lord Campbell says that Wood recommended her to supersede Brougham in favour of Scarlett (Lord Abinger), but that Scarlett declined the honour. No sooner, however, did the proceedings begin in right earnest than she learned the full value of such an advocate as her attorney-general, he being undoubtedly the only man at the bar who could have won for her the semblance of a victory. The whole story is well related by Lord Campbell. Brougham told Macaulay that he had written the peroration of his principal speech for the defence seven times over — Lord Campbell says seventeen — and the *limæ labor* is evident enough. But it cannot be quoted as the most favourable specimen of his powers.

Lord Campbell says that he 'delivered the concluding prayer very solemnly and impressively in the well-remembered attitude of the Presbyterian clergy in Scotland, when they bless the congregation at the conclusion of public worship — raising both his opened palms above his head at the same height, and holding them motionless till his voice ceased.'

A case arose out of the Queen's Trial which, by the concurrent opinion of the best judges, elicited Brougham's masterpiece in forensic oratory. He himself stated at Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor's table that he never made a speech, either in parliament or at the bar, so completely to his own satisfaction as the one in defence of Ambrose Williams, who was indicted and tried for a libel in the 'Durham Chronicle' on the clergy of Durham, at the Durham Summer Assizes in 1821. The libel had been in some measure provoked by a pamphlet written by Dr. Phillpotts, then Prebendary of Durham, in which Williams was described as 'a miserable mercenary who eats the bread of prostitution;' but the main point of it turned on the omission of the clergy to pay the mark of respect almost universally paid on the Queen's death. 'In this episcopal city, containing six churches independently of the cathedral, not a single bell announced the departure of the magnanimous spirit of the most injured of Queens — the most persecuted of women. Thus the brutal enmity of those who embittered her moral existence pursues her in her shroud.'

His fling at episcopacy is one of the happiest effusions of his satirical vein; but we need hardly say we do not quite agree in his comparative estimates of Scotch loyalty, religion, and morality: —

His Majesty, almost at the time in which I am speaking, is about to make a progress through the northern provinces of this island, accompa-

nied by certain of his chosen counsellors, a portion of men who enjoy unenvied, and in an equal degree, the admiration of other countries, and the wonder of their own — and there the Prince will see much loyalty, great learning, some splendour, the remains of an ancient monarchy, and of the institutions which made it flourish. But one thing he will not see. Strange as it may seem, and to many who hear me incredible, from one end of the country to the other he will see no such thing as a Bishop; not such a thing is to be found from the Tweed to John o'Groat's; not a mitre; no, nor so much as a minor canon, or even a rural dean; and in all the land not one single curate, so entirely rude and barbarous are they in Scotland; in such outer darkness do they sit, that they support no cathedrals, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, the poor benighted creatures are ignorant even of tithes. Not a sheaf, or a lamb, or a pig, or the value of a plough-penny do the hapless mortals render from year's end to year's end! Pitious as their lot is, what makes it infinitely more touching, is to witness the return of good for evil in the demeanour of this wretched race. Under all this cruel neglect of their spiritual concerns, they are actually the most loyal, contented, moral, and religious people anywhere, perhaps, to be found in the world. Let us hope (many, indeed, there are, not afar off, who will with unfeigned devotion pray) that his Majesty may return safe from the dangers of his excursion into such a country — an excursion most perilous to a certain portion of the Church, should his royal mind be infected with a taste for cheap establishments, a working clergy, and a pious congregation!

The peroration, if not copied seven times over, must have been carefully prepared:

If all existing institutions and all public functionaries must henceforth be sacred from question among the people; if, at length, the free press of this country, and with it the freedom itself, is to be destroyed — at least let not the heavy blow fall from your hands. Leave it to a mercenary and effeminate Parliament — a hireling army, degraded by the lash, and the readier instrument for enslaving its country; leave it to a pampered House of Lords — a venal House of Commons — some vulgar minion, servant-of-all-work to an insolent Court — some unprincipled soldier, unknown, thank God! in our times, combining the talents of a usurper with the fame of a captain; leave to such desperate hands, and such fit tools, so horrid a work! But you, an English jury, parent of the press, yet supported by it, and doomed to perish the instant its health and strength are gone — lift not you against it an unnatural hand. Prove to us that our rights are safe in your keeping; but maintain, above all things, the stability of our institutions by well-guarding their cornerstone. Defend the Church from her worst enemies, who, to hide their own misdeeds, would veil her solid foundations in darkness; and pro-

claim to them by your verdict of acquittal, that henceforward, as heretofore, all the recesses of the sanctuary must be visited by the continual light of day, and by that light all its abuses be explored!

The only forensic speeches on political topics which can be placed in competition with this, in our opinion, are Erskine's in defence of Stockdale, and Curran's in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

If we call attention to his speech on law reform in February, 1828, it is not solely or even mainly for the sake of such oratorical or rhetorical merits as it may have possessed, but on account of its wide-spread, lasting, and eminently useful influence. To apply the striking expression of Grattan, 'it struck a blow into the country which is still resounding through it,' and, directly or indirectly, has probably led to a greater number of important and beneficial results than any other speech, ancient or modern. The subject of law reform had been already broached in this journal;* the broad principles on which it should be conducted were laid down by Bentham; but it was left to Brougham to rouse and set in motion that spirit of improvement which, sunk in slumber when he invoked it with a conqueror's voice, has been ever since unceasingly at work. Though few if any (perhaps not he himself) saw through the long vista, there was a solemnity and a grave interest in the scene presented by the House of Commons on that evening. The attendance was rather thin, although all the leading Whigs made a point of attending and kept their places till the end. It was not then the custom for speakers to refresh their flagging energies by strong potations in the House: the usual resource was an orange, and when Brougham took his seat, he deposited a large heap of papers on one side and a hat full of oranges on the other, to which he resorted as he went on. The speech (we timed him) lasted exactly six hours and three minutes. Before he arrived at the peroration he was exhausted and hoarse, but he spoke it slowly and distinctly, carefully balancing the periods, pausing between them, and turning from side to side as he paused. The happiest passages were these:—

You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw

him condemn the fickleness of fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast, "I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawyer, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling thus. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the Sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book—left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich—left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression—left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!*

The fault common to all his perorations is that they are too showy and artificial. They are not rapid, earnest, impassioned summaries, in which argument and imagery are fused together and poured out like molten lava. They are not genuine appeals to reason or feeling. They read as if the speaker thought he must conclude with something fine, as a melodramatic spectacle conventionally concludes with a blaze of blue and red light. In other words, they are rhetoric, not oratory or eloquence. They, moreover, want variety. Brougham was always threatening or praying, or both together; and in his speech on the second reading of the Reform Bill, he tried the effect of kneeling by way of giving efficacy to the concluding prayer. The experiment was not successful, and was on the verge of becoming ludicrous. During a four hours' speech he largely availed himself of the privileges of the Lords to support his strength and voice with something stronger than oranges. Five tumblers of mulled wine, with a *soupeon* of brandy, were brought to him at due intervals. Whilst he was imbibing the fifth, a Tory peer, near the bar, exclaimed, "There's another half-

* By Mr. Miller. The substance of his contributions was reprinted as 'An Inquiry into the Present State of the Civil Law of England.' By John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, 1825. Brougham was much indebted to this publication.

* The speech filled ten columns in the 'Times,' and was reported wonderfully well, with one exception. The two last lines of the above extract were given thus: 'found it absorbed in the hands of craft and oppression—left it the staff of honesty and the shield of the insolvent.'

hour good for us, and be d—d to him.' When he came to his final sentence, 'I warn you, I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—reject not this bill,' he knelt down on the woollen sack; and fortunately it was at the last sentence that he knelt, for he was helped on his legs by the friends who hurried up to congratulate him, and doubts prevailed whether he could have risen without their help. 'He continued for some time as if in prayer; but his friends, alarmed for him lest he should be suffering from the effects of the mulled port, picked him up and placed him safely on the woollen sack.'

That the dissolution of 1831 was forced on the King by the Lord Chancellor is completely disproved by 'The Correspondence of the late Earl Grey with King William IV.,' published by the present Earl Grey in 1867. But by his election for Yorkshire, his language in the House of Commons just before he received the Great Seal, and his surpassing energy in trampling down all obstacles, constitutional or unconstitutional, he contributed more than any one man (except perhaps Lord Grey or Lord Russell) to the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832.

Mr. M. D. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, has recently made public a conversation with Lord Althorpe (Lord Grey's Chancellor of the Exchequer), in which that noble Lord is reported to have said that the task of persuading Brougham to accept the Great Seal was imposed upon him by his colleagues, and 'a harder task he never had in his life.' The facts were these:—Either (as Lord Campbell intimates) under the influence of the bright eyes of Lady Lyndhurst, or (as we believe) from distrust of Brougham, Lord Grey had resolved on offering the Great Seal to Lord Lyndhurst. We are not aware whether this intention was ever communicated to Lord Lyndhurst; but it speedily became known at Brookes', and three highly distinguished members of the Whig party (the late Duke of Bedford being one) formally waited on Lord Althorpe to request him to remonstrate with Lord Grey. He did so; the intention was consequently given up; and then it was that Lord Althorpe may have had the alleged interview with Brougham, who had already intimated that he expected to receive the Great Seal, and would take nothing less. He was, no doubt, angry at the prior offer of the Attorney-Generalship, which he had contemptuously refused; and he may have stood out a little to save appearances or indulge his vanity; but (if Mr. Hill's recollection is accurate) Lord Althorpe greatly overestimated the difficulty of his task.

Politics were far from absorbing all Brougham's time or thoughts. During his four years' tenure of office he brought prominently before the legislature and the public the subjects of Chancery Reform, Bankruptcy, Local Courts, Ecclesiastical Courts, Criminal Courts, Poor-laws, Public Charities, &c. &c., in a manner proving that he was thoroughly in earnest in his work. He made a bungle of his Bankruptcy Bill, did not carry Chancery Reform deep or far enough, and (as we have seen) underwent a signal discomfiture at the hands of Lord Lyndhurst in the debate on his Local Courts' Bill. But, altogether, the administration of justice in all its branches has been immensely improved through his instrumentality. It was he who substituted the Judicial Committee for the old Court of Delegates; but many of our readers will hardly regard this as a service to the Church.

The constant strain on the nerves or brain, with the stimulants employed to counteract or neutralise it, may account for the phenomenon, or the eccentricities of early life may have been inborn; but certain it is, that during his last year of office the erratic and excited proceedings of the Chancellor caused grave offence to the Sovereign and seriously alarmed his colleagues. His head seemed turned by the part he had played, or thought he had played, in the intrigues which led to the substitution of Lord Melbourne for Lord Grey in the Premiership; and he assumed patronising airs towards the highest personages, beginning with the new Premier, which made him laugh and others very angry. About the same time he had the imprudence or ill-luck to offend Mr. Barnes, the editor of the 'Times,' who suddenly changed the tone of extravagant praise for one of cutting satire, and took to exposing all his worst aberrations as they occurred.* They reached

* Lord Campbell says that the Lord Chancellor received the following letter when seated on the Bench:—

'Dear Brougham, what I want to see you about is the "Times," whether we are to make war on it or come to terms. Yours truly, ALTHORPE.'

This (it is added) Brougham read during the argument—answered immediately, and tore up—throwing away the fragments. These fragments were picked up by a shorthand writer, put together and carried next day to the office of the 'Times.' An equally apocryphal story was told of the billet from Mr. Stanley (Lord Derby) to Sir James Graham in 1834: 'Johnny has upset the coach;' which, it was said, Sir James Graham stuffed into his waistcoat pocket, where it was found by his valet, who carried it to the 'Times.' Sir James Graham always stated that there was nothing extraordinary in his reaching the newspapers, as he passed it on to Lord Althorpe and showed it to two or three others, so that it may have been known to several before the adjournment of the House. The popular version of the quarrel with Barnes was that he unexpectedly joined a group before Brookes', and heard Brougham call him

their climax during the parody of a royal progress which he made through Scotland, parading the Great Seal on his way, to the great disgust of the King, who thought he was out of his mind and vehemently protested against its being carried across the border:—

At Rothiemurchus, then the residence of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, he found a large party of English ladies, with whom he romped so familiarly that, to be revenged on him, they stole the Great Seal, and hid it where neither he nor his attendants could discover it. This was rather a serious practical joke, for without the Great Seal the Government is at a stand-still; the Great Seal alone gives validity to the most important acts of the executive Government, and every grant in the Sovereign's name bearing the impression of it, is in point of law conclusively authentic. At last he was in such real distress about it that the ladies took compassion upon him, assured him it was in the drawing-room, and that he might find it blindfolded, one of them assisting him by playing loud on the piano when he approached it. He was blindfolded accordingly, and by the hints which the piano gave him, he, in due time, dragged the bauble from a tea-chest. This was very harmless sport; but unfortunately exaggerated accounts of it were sent to a lady in waiting at Windsor Castle, and she exaggerating these accounts still farther in relating them to the royal circle there, they did much mischief.*

At Inverness, where the freedom of the city was conferred upon him, after attributing his reception to the popularity of the monarch whom he had the honour to serve, he went on:—

to find that he lives in the hearts of his loyal subjects inhabiting this ancient and important capital of the Highlands, as it has afforded me pure and unmixt satisfaction, will, I am confident, be so received by his Majesty when I tell him (as I will do by this night's post) of such a gratifying manifestation.

Lord Campbell states that the Inverness letter to King William was written over a tumbler of whisky-toddy in the presence of a Mr. Macpherson, who told him the fact. The 'Times' quizzed each successive ebullition of egotism, and O'Connell, in a

a vulgar fellow. He was a Cambridge contemporary of Lord Byron and is honourably mentioned by the noble poet.

* The silly spite of James II. in flinging the Great Seal into the Thames is gladly commemorated by Lord Macaulay. Lord Campbell was amusingly careful of the Great Seal. In a journey from the North he had it with him in the railway carriage, and took it under his arm when he alighted for refreshment; refusing to trust it with his travelling companions, though one of them was a Privy-Councillor and a member of the Government.

'Letter to the People of Ireland,' offered a wager which nobody would take:—

I pay very little attention to anything Lord Brougham says. He makes a greater number of foolish speeches than any other man of the present generation. There may be more nonsense in some one speech of another person; but in the number, the multitude of foolish speeches, Lord Brougham has it hollow. I would start him ten to one—ay, fifty to one—in talking nonsense and flatly contradicting himself, against any prattler now living.

Although perfectly aware of the strong repugnance of the Grey family to meeting him at this particular conjuncture, he resolved on being present at the Edinburgh Grey Festival, and the manner in which he managed it is well told:—

The whole Grey family were to be the guests of Sir John Dalrymple (afterwards Earl of Stair), at Oxenford Castle, near Edinburgh, and Brougham, who had been an old friend of Sir John, boldly wrote to him to say that, if it were convenient for him and Lady Adamina,* he should be glad to take up his quarters at Oxenford Castle during the approaching solemnity at Edinburgh, which he felt bound to attend from his profound respect for Lord Grey, whose retirement from office he so deeply deplored. Sir John, who, living in the country, was not aware of the actual relations between Brougham and the Greys, answered that he should be delighted with his company. The Greys did not at all know whom they were to meet at Oxenford till they had arrived there, and the arrangement which had been made could not be altered. Being then member for the city of Edinburgh, I had been invited to Oxenford to join Lord Grey's *courtège*. Well aware of the abhorrence in which Brougham was held by the Grey family, I never was so much astonished as when I heard that Brougham was to sit down at table with them there, and to pass the night under the same roof. He was very late in appearing, and we had all been assembled in the drawing-room expecting him. My heart beat violently as often as any noise arose that might indicate his approach. At last a servant opened the door and announced "The Lord Chancellor." I must say that his demeanour was noble and grand. Without any approach to presumption or vulgar familiarity, in an easy, frank, natural manner, he laid hold of the hand of Lord Grey, who, though stiff and stately, could not draw it back or refuse to acknowledge his salutation. He then most respectfully, but without betraying any consciousness of there being any misunderstanding between them, paid his court to Lady Grey and actually engaged her in conversation, beginning with some complimentary expressions about the festival to be celebrated on the morrow. The two daughters, the Ladies

* Lady Adamina Dalrymple, sister of the Earl of Camperdown.

Grey, long avoided him by every manœuvre they could resort to, but, before the evening was over, he had got them both to talk to him about the place where they were to be stationed next day so that they might best see and hear their papa. In his conversation he seemed anxiously desirous that the festival should be devoted exclusively to the honour of Lord Grey, and should be so conducted as most to gratify the feelings of all connected with him.

At the public dinner next day, in responding to the toast of 'His Majesty's Ministers,' he exclaimed, extending his hands, 'My fellow-citizens of Edinburgh, after having been four years a Minister, *these hands are clean.*' They happened to be remarkably dirty, which raised a titter amongst all who were near enough to see. Notwithstanding this quarrel with the 'Times,' he was believed to be the writer or communicant of the account of the dismissal of the Whigs (in 1834), in that journal, ending 'the Queen has done it all.' If so, it must have been by agreement that the attacks on him were immediately resumed, *e. g.*: 'It is in general admitted that the downfall of the Government is referable in a great measure to the unbecoming conduct of Lord Brougham as Chancellor.'

When the Whigs returned to office in 1835, Brougham, much to his own surprise and to the surprise of few others, was set aside. The exclusion was put upon the King; but there were other reasons. More than one act of treachery had been brought home to him. We can vouch for one. When the jointure of Queen Adelaide was discussed in Lord Grey's Cabinet, Mr. Charles Grant (Lord Glenelg), stood alone in objecting that 100,000*l.* a year was too much. The day following, at a Drawing-room or Court reception of some sort, he perceived a marked difference in the Queen's manner towards him, which he mentioned to Lord Grey, who made light of it, and said it was impossible that what had passed in the Cabinet could have reached her Majesty. When 'the Queen has done it all' came out, her Majesty revealed the fact, that positive information of what passed in the Cabinet touching her jointure had reached her the same evening from the Lord Chancellor. Our authority for this story is Lord Glenelg.

During the formation of the Ministry in 1835 a communication was opened with Lord Lyndhurst touching the disposition of the Great Seal, although we are not prepared to say that it was offered to him. It was eventually placed in commission, and so long as it remained in abeyance, Brougham

refrained from an open breach with Lord Melbourne, whom he knew moreover to be an awkward customer when his *pococurante* manner was thrown aside. But when this bauble, as Lord Campbell calls it, was presented to Pepys (Lord Cottenham), he received the intimation like a blow. It had positively a stunning effect on him, and he retired for a time from active public life to brood over his wrongs at Brougham Hall, and to drown them, like Bolingbroke at Dawley, in literature and philosophy. On the death of King William, another change came over the spirit of his dream. He confidently aspired to a high place in the councils of the young sovereign, if not the highest. He felt sure of again becoming Lord Chancellor, if he was not compelled by the force of circumstances to become First Lord of the Treasury. Disappointed anew, he vowed revenge, and when the increase of the Duchess of Kent's income was before the Lords, he uttered some bitter sarcasms against Lord Melbourne, which provoked an equally bitter and more telling retort.

The most crushing reply, however, that he or any other assailant ever received was on a subsequent occasion, when he closed one of his most brilliant displays with a diatribe against the Government. Lord Melbourne's reply was comprised in a single sentence: 'My Lords, you have heard the eloquent speech of the noble and learned Lord—one of the most eloquent he ever delivered in this House—and I leave your Lordships to consider what *must* be the nature and strength of the objections which prevent any Government from availing themselves of the services of such a man.'

We must turn to the pages of 'Gilbert Gurney,' in which Hook has recorded the practical jokes of Charles Mathews the elder and himself, to find parallels for a prank or two of Brougham's, whose love of fun was seldom checked by prudence or self-respect. There can be no doubt that he was a consenting party to the false announcement of his death in 1839, contained in a letter from one friend in Brougham Hall to another in London. He must have been well aware of its being the practice of editors of London newspapers to keep ready-written memoirs of distinguished persons in their pigeon-holes; and the aim of the frolic probably was to discover in what terms they proposed to speak of him. So far the experiment answered to his heart's desire. The news reached London on the 21st October. All the morning papers of the 22nd (except the Times) con-

tained biographical notices of him, in which the disagreeable truths predominated. The 'Times' held back till the 24th, when, knowing full well that he was alive and merry, his old friend Barnes favoured him with an article, in which all the noblest gifts and qualities, all on which he most prided himself, are denied to him; and, admitting his wondrous versatility, admitting too that he was 'one of the most agreeable, amusing, kindly, and convivial of associates,' he is declared to be a man in whom no one could confide, 'whom no party would venture to employ otherwise than as a transient ally: as a partner or a colleague, never.'

A still more startling specimen of his eccentricity was afforded in 1848 by the application which he addressed to M. Crémieux, Minister of Justice in the Provisional Government of France, prompted by the ambitious hope of becoming a member of the French National Assembly and competing for the palm of French eloquence with Thiers, Guizot, Montalembert, Lamartine, and Berryer:—

Paris, April 7th, 1848.

Lord Brougham has the honour to offer his respects to the Minister of Justice; and wishing to be naturalised in France, he has demanded certificates from the Mayor of Cannes (Var), where he has resided for the last thirteen years, and where he possesses a landed estate, and has built for himself a country house (château). Those certificates are to be forwarded directly to the Minister of Justice, and Lord Brougham requests the Minister to transmit to him the act of naturalization with as little delay as possible.

M. Crémieux points out in his reply that, if France adopted the noble applicant as one of her sons, he ceased to be an Englishman. 'You are no longer Lord Brougham; you become Citizen Brougham. You lose forthwith all titles of nobility, all privileges, &c., &c., which you possessed in your quality of Englishman.' He ends thus:—

It is in this sense that you must write to me. I must presume that the late British Chancellor is aware of the necessary consequences of so important a demand. But it is the duty of the Minister of Justice of the French Republic to warn you officially. When you shall have made a demand in form embracing these declarations, it shall be immediately examined.

The late British Chancellor was here credited with knowledge which he did not possess. His notion, which he expressed in a rejoinder, was that he could be a French citizen complete on one side of the Channel, an Englishman complete on the

other; and it required a second letter from M. Crémieux to make him understand that 'France admits no partition: that in order to become a Frenchman he must cease to be an Englishman. 'No other man than Brougham' (says his biographer) 'could have recovered from the inextinguishable ridicule which now seemed to overwhelm him.' But he rebounded like a ball, and ridicule would no more stick to him than dirt would stick to the Vicomte de Narbonne, of whom it was said that he might be rolled in the mud all his life without contracting a stain. The happiest of the satirical productions based on this escapade was Mr. Richard Doyle's sketch (in 'Punch') of 'Lord Brougham, a Citizen of the World,' representing him in every imaginable costume—Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Indian, African, American, Chinese,—with the features and expression inimitably hit off in each. Three years before he would seem to be in training for citizenship,—at all events, to have gone the length of discarding the conventional formalities of Courts.

I can find no discussions during this Session more interesting than those which frequently recurred about the "New Houses of Parliament." In these Brougham took a leading part, frequently abusing Gothic architecture, Barry the architect, and Prince Albert for protecting him. The Prince thought to appease him by asking him to dine with the Queen. He went and dined, but widened his breach with the Court by leaving the palace immediately after dinner, instead of going with the rest of the gentlemen into the gallery, into which the Queen had retired with the ladies, and where she is in the habit of conversing with her guests. He afterwards tried to make amends by attending the Queen's drawing-room,—a condescension he had not before practised since her accession; but here again he was unfortunate (although I really believe he wished to be civil and respectful) by speaking to the Queen *ex mero motu* as he passed her and telling her that "he was to cross over to Paris in a few days, where he should see Louis Philippe, and that if her Majesty had any letters or messages for the King of the French, it would give him much pleasure to have the honour of being the bearer of them." Her Majesty declined, not entirely concealing her surprise at the offer, and I believe that he has not been at the English Court since.

What would be deemed inconsistency in others, passed almost unobserved in him. Whilst aiming at democratic citizenship and assuming social equality with sovereigns, he was all along manœuvring or intriguing to procure a remainder of his peerage for his younger brother and (if we may be-

lieve Lord Campbell), an earldom for himself.

He once had a great desire to become an Earl, but this was entirely extinguished by the elevation of Cottenham to that dignity. When Lord John Russell conferred that promotion on the retiring Chancellor, Brougham was very indignant, and either wrote or dictated a pamphlet ridiculing it, to which was affixed, rather felicitously, as a motto "The offence is RANK."

He was angry at Lord Cottenham's elevation, but we have good grounds for doubting whether he sought an earldom for himself. He obtained the coveted remainder through Lord Palmerston, with a recital of his public services in the patent, such as is not to be found in any grants except those of the Nelson and Collingwood peerages. In the Dedication of his Essay on 'The British Constitution' to the Queen, he says: 'Entirely joining with my fellow-citizens in feelings of gratitude towards such a Ruler, I have individually a deep sense of the kindness with which your Majesty has graciously extended the honours formerly bestowed, the reasons assigned for that favour, and the precedents followed in granting it.'

In 1837 or 1838 Sydney Smith read to a friend at Combe-Florey a character of Brougham, never printed, one paragraph of which began: 'He is the greatest moral wreck that has been seen in my time.' Sydney Smith told the same friend that he pointed to Brougham in the passage of his letter on Mackintosh, beginning, 'If he had been arrogant and grasping—if he had been faithless and base—if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle—always ready to betray and blacken those with whom he sat at meat, but would have passed many men who in the course of his long life have passed him.'

But this implied censure is much too severe. No one took a greater interest in the early success of Lord Macaulay, of whose rapidly rising fame he might have been expected to be jealous. He was fond of advising and encouraging young men of genius or ability; nor was he habitually arrogant and grasping, although he had Swift's hate of folly and scorn of fools, and although he dearly loved power. Nor was he an ill-conditioned or ill-natured man, although he was a good hater and would blacken those with whom he sat at meat, either before their faces or behind their backs, if they crossed his path or wounded his self-love. His faults were traceable to temper and temperament, rather than to head or heart. His animal spirits were a

dangerous gift. He was intensely impressive and excitable, so much so as sometimes to be hardly answerable for his acts, and in convivial moments he occasionally recalled Junius's portraits of 'a drunken landlord, who deals out his promises as liberally as his liquor, and will suffer no one to leave him either sorrowful or sober.' He dealt out so many promises at the Beefsteak Club—a promise to make Harry Stevenson a Master in Chancery for one—that he found the Club too hot to hold him. When he was finally out of office, on one of his last appearances there, finding his jokes fall flat, he said it was like throwing pearls before swine: "Gentlemen," said Arnold, 'I throw myself before you.'

In this same society he once took to quizzing 'Absolute Wisdom,' then Lord Mayor, and caught a Tartar. When the Lord Mayor's health was given, Brougham rose and returned thanks in that capacity, saying what a very foolish city magnate (which Wood was not) might be supposed to say when he was tipsy. Wood paid him off in kind by returning thanks as and for Brougham, and pretending to make a clean breast of it: 'My policy through life has been to do and say what suited my interest or my whim, and I have not done badly.' Then, after some noted instances of inconsistency: 'You may not have heard that I once offered to go in for ballot and manhood suffrage, if the Westminster Radicals would accept me as their candidate. They refused, confound them, and I have never since missed an opportunity of abusing them and denouncing ballot and manhood suffrage as revolutionary. You all know how vehemently I have protested, publicly and before the world, my belief in the unsullied purity of the Queen, whose Attorney-General I am. But my intimate friends will bear witness that I have never concealed my private opinion that her gracious Majesty is no better than she should be.' These things had been reported of Brougham, with or without foundation, and all he could muster in reply was that it was the case of Balaam's ass over again.

A day with him at Paris in the spring of 1850 will give a notion of his activity and variety. An acquaintance called for him by appointment at Meurice's about twelve, and found him in a squabble with a Frenchman, whom he had engaged to translate a scientific paper, to be read that day at the *Institut*; and whom he ended by calling *bête comme une oie*. They then got into a *remise* and drove to a celebrated optician's in the

Faubourg St. Germain quarter, where Brougham occupied a full hour in testing an experiment which he had anticipated in the paper, but which did not turn out exactly as could be wished. What he wanted to establish was, that light falling upon or encountering a flat surface, after passing through three or four successive apertures in boards or pieces of pasteboard placed some paces apart, would be fringed or uneven at the edges. '*Voilà les franges,*' repeatedly exclaimed Brougham. '*Je n'en vois pas, Milord,*' invariably replied the optician, who was himself a member of the *Institut*. To cut the matter short, the friend gave his voice for the fringes, and all three started for the *Institut* in the *remise*. Before they had gone far, Brougham stopped the carriage, and, in spite of the optician's protest, who said they were already late, insisted on calling to see the Duc Decazes, who was too ill to see him. Their destination was reached at last; and dragging his companion (who was not even a corresponding member) after him, he hurried into the centre of the assembled *savans*, and began introducing the illustrious obscure right and left to all of them. This ceremony ended, the business of the day began by Brougham reading his paper, which (barring accent) was not a bad or unsuccessful performance. No less a person than Arago remarked, in answer to a timid inquiry from the friend, '*C'est bien, très bien; mais il n'y a rien d'original là-dedans.*'

On that same day a dinner came off at Philippe's, in the Rue Mont Orgueil, which had been arranged for the express purpose of introducing Brougham to Alexandre Dumas père. Brougham was punctual to the hour, and they were formally introduced by Count d'Orsay, who, observing some slight symptoms of stiffness, exclaimed, '*Comment, diable, vous, les deux grands hommes, embrassez-vous donc, embrassez-vous.*' They fraternized accordingly à la Française, Brougham looking very much during the operation as if he was in the gripe of a bear; though nobody could look more cordial and satisfied than Dumas. The dinner was excellent: some first-rate *Clos de Vougeot*, of which Dumas had an accurate foreknowledge, sustained the hilarity of the company: the conversation was varied and animated; each of the distinguished guests took his fair share, and no more than his fair share; and it was bordering on midnight when the party separated. On being asked whether the fatigue of the day had been too much for him, Brougham stated that he had slept soundly

for an hour after his return from the *Institut*, and that his capacity for exertion was much increased by his being able to sleep whenever he had an odd hour, half hour, or even quarter of an hour, to spare. He was obviously proud of enjoying this gift in common with Napoleon, Wellington, and Pitt. He was not so well pleased when Lord Sidmouth boasted of having never lost a night's rest from anxiety.

In another valuable faculty, that of abstracting the mind from an exhausting topic, and relieving it by change,* Brougham had no superior that we know of, except the present Prime Minister. The night before the delivery of his leading speech on the Queen's Trial, he slept at Holland House. On coming down to breakfast in the morning, Lord Holland saw his guest busily writing at a side-table, and found that he was employed not on the sixth or seventh copy of the peroration, but in drawing the clauses of an Education Bill.

Brougham talked French with the same ease (to himself) and rapidity as English. His French was christened *Broughmee* by Macaulay, and a most extraordinary language it certainly was. The author of 'Eothen' is accustomed to maintain that it is rare to find more idiomatic English than the Duke of Wellington's French despatches; the fact being that they are clear, strong, vernacular English, translated *literatim et verbatim*, without the least regard to French idiom. Brougham's French was similarly composed; but unluckily his English was by no means so good as the Duke's. He never hesitated for a word or a phrase, and Madame Emile de Girardin might appropriately have said to him what she said to an Englishman who brought out the point of an anecdote he was resolved to tell in phrases which would hardly receive the sanction of the Académie: *Monsieur s'en tire d'une manière la plus extraordinaire.*

Lord Campbell says that Brougham was not fond of fighting except with words, and insinuates that he ought to have called out a Mr. Gourlay, who struck him with a horsewhip in the lobby of the House of Commons, on the ground that Mr. Gourlay, though afterwards declared insane, was then of sound mind and responsible for his acts. The affair with Canning in 1826 afforded better ground for reflecting on Brougham's courage. He was in the midst of a violent invective when, on his coming to the words 'political tergiversation,' Canning rose from the Treasury-bench,

* 'Le changement des études est toujours un délassement pour moi.' — *Fénélon*.

took off his hat, and spoke these words — 'Mr. Speaker, I rise to say *that* is false.' The conventional course in such an emergency was to go on as if nothing particular had occurred, and adopt the fitting steps after the debate. Brougham stopped, took up his hat, and was going away, when (as might be expected) there was a call to order, followed by a motion for taking both gentlemen into custody; and the affair was compromised by an explanation that the offensive words were only used in a parliamentary sense. Lord Campbell says that this scene gave Mr. Dickens the hint for that capital one in which 'Pickwickian' is substituted for parliamentary; but Mr. Dickens, writing ten years later, must have had similar scenes of more recent occurrence in his mind.

When Brougham had become convinced of the hopelessness of his attempts to force himself upon a Whig Government, he was far from giving up the notion of becoming Lord Chancellor again; and Lord Campbell would have us believe that he was encouraged by Lord Lyndhurst to combine with the Conservatives with a view to the Great Seal. But although Lord Lyndhurst occasionally secured his co-operation by flattering his vanity, it was clearly not with the intention of being superseded by him; and Brougham knew full well that he had no more chance with Sir Robert Peel than with Lord Melbourne.

The Tory chief whom he courted most assiduously was the Duke of Wellington, who had already (in 1834) abdicated the Premiership; and he has included in the last edition of his works, corrected reports of the speeches which he delivered in praise of the Hero of a Hundred Fields, at the Dover Festival in August, 1839. The first contains a passage which caused some amusement to his fellow-guests at Walmer Castle: 'The mighty Captain—I invoke both hemispheres—bear witness Europe! bear witness Asia!' At the suggestion of Lord Strangford several letters were written in different hands, addressed to the orator, and sent up to London to be posted; the point of each being that Asia and Europe were, according to the language of geography, in the same hemisphere. Not suspecting the trick, he kept his counsel whilst opening letter after letter at the breakfast table, till at last he broke out, 'Confound the fools; mayn't I halve my orange longways or crossways as I think fit?'

Years rolled on, and a new party came upon the stage, without finding Brougham either declining in energy, improving in

judgment, or fixed in principle. He coalesced with Lord Stanley (Derby) in 1849 to prevent the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and actually moved the rejection of the Bill in a speech which he published in a pamphlet. The Bill was carried, and the ministerial crisis, which he anticipated, did not come off. It was on this occasion that Lyndhurst went up to him and said: 'Brougham, here is a riddle for you. Why does Lord Brougham know so much about the Navigation Laws? *Answer.* Because he has been so long engaged in the Seal fishery.'

The only excuse for his reverting to Protection after having zealously advocated Free Trade is that political economy was not amongst the subjects which he had studied or understood. There are speeches of his at an earlier period in which he spoke of cheap corn as an evil resulting from excessive cultivation, which should be checked by the legislature.

Lord Campbell died on the 21st June, 1861; Lord Brougham on the 7th May, 1868, having survived his biographer seven years wanting six weeks. The Life stops in 1859: 'I here stop for the present. My memoir cannot be considered complete without some further account of his writings; an estimate of his character; and a survey of the influence he has exercised upon the times in which he lived.' What the formal estimate of character and influence would have been, may be inferred with little risk of error; and the world has no reason to regret the loss of a detailed account of the works. As we have already intimated, what Brougham did in and for literature and science must be taken in the block, not judged individually or by the piece. His multifarious writings were the wheels and cogs of the machinery by which he upheaved prejudice and bigotry, the slings and arrows with which he assailed ignorance, the aqueducts and sluices by which he diffused knowledge. The real aim of the essay or article was attained by the inquiry it stimulated or the example it set. He led the way and others followed, who without him would not have moved at all. When a man has been constantly waging war with tongue and pen against abuses, it is no slight praise to say of him what was said of Flood, the rival of Grattan, that his foot was always in the stirrup, his lance always in the rest.

Brougham may not have contributed the best papers published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, though we can hardly believe Lord Campbell's story that the Society was made bankrupt by publishing at its own risk his 'Political

Philosophy,' 'the copyright of which he had generously presented to it.' But he set the Society afloat, and 'under his auspices it flourished for several years, and, selling excellent treatises at a low price, was of essential service to the middle and lower orders.' Again, admitting the scheme of the London University to have originated with Thomas Campbell (who was undoubtedly entitled to this honour), the odds are that it would have been dropped, delayed, or much less efficiently carried out, unless it had been taken up and hurried forward to completion with his wonted eagerness by Brougham. Whatever other maxim or principle he abandoned, he never once, during his long life, ceased to act upon Benjamin Constant's aphorism: 'the press is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world.' He thus attained great ends by means worthy of them. If in one sense it had been better for his reputation to have remained quiet during the last fifteen or twenty years of his life, when he was the apostle of Social Science,

his very restlessness proves his unabated zeal in the cause of progress; and neither the commonplaces he spoke nor the foolish things he did in his decline, will be remembered a hundred years hence, or, if remembered, will dim the lustre of his fame.

If 'blushing glory' cannot hide the 'fears of the brave and follies of the wise,' these are thrown into a hardly distinguishable background by time. When the muse of history is compelled to pause upon the meanness of Bacon, the dotage of Marlborough, the drivelling of Swift, or the disreputable old age of Erskine, it is only to drop a tear. It is from the apex of the pyramid that men calculate its height. Viewed from afar off, nothing is seen or known of a lofty object but its towering proportions, — nothing of the irregularities, inequalities, cracks or slimy stains on the surface, and —

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

RIGHT in the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold! the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing! —
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal;
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with the stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;

There, in each dark, bronze statue,

A soul was waking;
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you;
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken:
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising — all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning:
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning? —
Make Time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate half-way, and make it
A joy and blessing!

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CHAPTER X.

ENTICEMENTS ABROAD.

ERIC and Roland lived together in the castle, for so the rooms in the turret were called, as if they had taken possession of a new abode, and were all alone; no sound from the human world penetrated here, nothing but the song of birds, and the ringing of the bells of the village church on the mountain.

A regular employment of the time was instituted; until noon they knew nothing of what was going on in the house, and Roland lived almost exclusively in the thought of Benjamin Franklin.

New analogies were continually presenting themselves, and it was especially productive of them that an American youth, a rich youth besides, who had never been deprived of anything, should lay out for himself a life full of deprivations. Roland lived and moved wholly in Franklin; he spoke, at the table, of Benjamin Franklin, as if he were a man who had just appeared, and was invisibly present and speaking with them. Roland wished to keep a regular record of what he thought and did, exactly as Franklin had done, but Eric restrained him, knowing that he would not persevere in it, being as yet too fickle. And this calling one's self to account was peculiarly adapted to one who stood alone, or was seeking the way by himself. But Roland was with Eric from morning till night. They repeated Franklin's physical experiments, they entered into his various little narratives, and Roland would often ask on some occurrence:—

"What would Franklin say to that?" Eric had been in doubt whether he should say anything to Roland of the interview with Herr Knopf. He was waiting for a more suitable time; he felt that the fixed order of Roland's method of life should not now be disturbed.

There was a great commotion at the villa, for the entire contents of the hot-house were brought out into the park, and a new garden was made in the garden. Roland and Eric did not see it until everything was arranged.

Franken made a brief visit almost every day, and when he remained to dinner, he spoke a great deal of the princes of the church; he always called the bishop the church-prince. A second court-life seemed to have been opened to him, and this court had a consecrating element, was self-ordering, and needed no Court-marshals.

Herr Sonnenkamp enquired with much interest about all the arrangements at the

Episcopal court; but Frau Ceres was wholly indifferent, for she had discovered that there was no court ball given, and no ladies were visible, except some very worthy and respectable nuns. Frau Ceres entertained a great dislike to all nuns, principally because they had such great feet, and wore such clumsy shoes and cotton gloves. Frau Ceres hated cotton gloves; and whenever she thought of them, she affirmed that she experienced a nervous *shiver*.

The days were still; the trees from the South grew green and fragrant, with those that were native to the soil; but the quiet days came to an end, for they were packing up and making other preparations in the house. Lootz was the director, and huge trunks had already been sent off.

It was a rainy morning: Eric and Roland were sitting together with Franklin's life again before them. Eric perceived that Roland was inattentive, for he often looked towards the door.

At last there was a knock, and Sonnenkamp, who had never before disturbed their morning's occupation, now entered the room. He expressed his satisfaction that the course of instruction had been so regularly arranged, and he hoped that it would suffer only a temporary derangement from the journey, as they could immediately resume it on arriving at Vichy.

Eric asked in amazement what this reference to Vichy meant, and was told that the family, with the whole corps of servants, male and female, as well as Roland and Eric, were going to the mineral baths of Vichy, and from there to the sea-baths at Biarritz.

Eric composed himself with great effort; the struggle had come sooner than he anticipated, and he said that he did not know what Roland thought about it, but that, for his own part, he had made up his mind, that he could not take the journey to the Baths.

"You cannot go with us? Why not?"

"It is unpleasant to me to make this declaration in Roland's presence, but I think that he is sufficiently mature to comprehend this matter. I think, I am firmly convinced, that a serious course of study cannot be resumed at a fashionable watering-place, and then continued at Biarritz. I cannot begin the instruction after my pupil has been hearing, in the morning, all kinds of music at the fountains. No human being can be confined there to earnest and fixed thought. As I said, I consider Roland mature enough to decide for himself. I will remain here at the villa, if you desire it, until your return."

Sonnenkamp looked at Eric in astonish-

ment, and Roland supplicatingly. Sonnenkamp did not appear to rely upon his self-command sufficiently to meet the family tutor in the requisite manner, and he therefore said in a careless tone that the matter could be discussed in the evening. In a half-contemptuous manner, he begged pardon for not having informed Eric of his plans for the summer at the University-town.

Eric now sat alone with Roland, who, in silence, looked down at the floor. Eric let him alone for awhile, saying to himself, Now is the critical time, now is the trial to be made.

"Do you understand the reasons," he at length asked, "why I cannot and will not continue our life of study, this life that we pursue together, in a place of amusement?"

"I do not understand them," said the boy, perversely.

"Shall I explain them?"

"It is not necessary," replied the boy, sullenly.

Eric said nothing, and the silence enabled the boy to realize how he was behaving; but there was something in the soul of the youth that rebelled against anything like subjection. Taking up a different topic, Roland asked:—

"Have I not been diligent and obedient?"

"As it is proper that you should be."

"Do I not deserve now some amusement?"

"No. The performance of duty is not paid for, and certainly not by amusement."

Again there was a long silence, the boy turning up and down the corners of the biography of Franklin, which he had just been reading. Without saying anything, Eric took the book out of his hand and laid it down. With his hand upon the cover, he asked,—

"What do you think that Franklin would now say to you?"

"I can't tell what he would say."

"You can, but you do not choose to."

"No, I cannot," said the boy. He stamped insolently with his foot, and his voice was choked with tears.

"I have a better opinion of you than you have of yourself," said Eric, taking hold of the boy's chin. "Look at me, don't look down to the earth, don't be out of humor."

Roland's countenance was unmoved, and the tears stood motionless in his eyes. Eric continued,—

"Is there any good thing in the world that I would not like to give you?"

"No; but —"

"Well, but what? Go on."

"Ah, I don't know any. And yet — yet

— do go for my sake, go with us; I could not take pleasure if you were not with us — I there, and you here alone."

"Would you like to journey then without me?"

"I will not do it, you are to go too!" said the boy, springing up and throwing himself upon Eric's neck.

"I declare to you most decidedly, I do not go with you."

Roland let his hands fall, when Eric grasped them, saying,—

"I could also say in my turn, Do stay here for my sake; but I will not. Look up brightly, and think how it would be if we remain together here. Your parents travel to the Baths; we stay here and learn something regularly, and are happier than we should be on the promenade, with the music of the saloon, happier than by the sea-shore. See, Roland, I have never been to France, nor seen the sea. I renounce the pleasure, I prefer the duty; and do you know where my duty lies?"

"Ah, the duty can go with us wherever we go," cried the boy, smiling amidst his tears. Eric was obliged to laugh too; at last he said,—

"This duty cannot travel abroad. You have had distractions enough all your life. Come, be my dear comrade, my good fellow. Have confidence in me, that I can see reasons which you cannot."

"Yes, I do have confidence, but it is so splendid, you can't imagine it, and I will show everything to you."

A whirlwind seemed to have seized Roland, so that he turned round and round. It came over him with a rush, that he had forced Eric to remain with him, that he had forced his father to give Eric to him, and now he was about to desert him! But there was the enticement of the music, the pleasant journeys, the protecting ladies, and the roguish girls who played with him. Suddenly he cried,— "Eric! thy mother!" for she had said to him on taking leave, Be so worthy, that Eric will never leave you! This thought was now aroused within him, and on the other hand, there were the carriages driving, and the merry troop riding on horseback, and he among them. How could this old, grave lady, clad in mourning, who stood in the path, detain him? It was like a feverish waking dream.

"Eric! thy mother!" cried he again, and then he said, embracing him,—

"Eric! I remain with you! now help me, so that they shall not take me away without you."

"You are not to be obstinate with your parents, but you have now also a duty to

me; you must not leave me, as I must not leave you."

It was a hard struggle to gain the consent of the parents to Roland's remaining at the villa with Eric. Frau Ceres was brought over the soonest, but Sonnenkamp held out, and Roland looked on in perplexity. The desire arose in him that his father would withhold his consent, and Eric be prevailed on to go with them.

Eric took the father aside, and told him that he considered it would be the ruin of Roland, if now when he had voluntarily pledged himself, and was constrained to do what was best, the whole should be upset; the youth had never, on account of various distractions, come to any knowledge of himself. He declared that, grievous as it would be to him, he should be obliged to leave the family, if Roland went with them. He had not said this to Roland, for Roland should not be permitted to think upon the possibility of the tie being severed. He besought Sonnenkamp to employ now a little policy; it would not be wrong. He was to say to Roland, that he wanted to test his constancy, and he was glad that he had stood the trial; that he had hoped Roland would make the proposal to stay with Eric, and he gave his consent.

Inwardly chafing, Sonnenkamp complied with this proposition, and Roland saw himself released on the one side, and bound on the other.

On the next day, the parents set out on the journey.

Eric and Roland drove with them to the railroad station, and when the approaching train was signalized to be near, Sonnenkamp took his son aside, and said to him, —

"My boy, if it is too hard for you, jump into the car, and leave the Doctor to himself. Believe me, he won't run away from you; there is a golden whistle by which every one can be called. Be bold, young fellow."

"Father, is this also a part of the test you have put me to?"

"You are a plucky youth," answered Sonnenkamp, with emotion.

The train rumbled in. A great number of black trunks, studded with yellow nails, were put on board, Joseph and Lootz showing themselves expert travelling-marshals. Boxes, bags, portmanteaus, bottles, and packages were placed in the first-class car which Sonnenkamp, Frau Ceres and Fräulein Perini occupied. Roland was kissed once more, Sonnenkamp whispering at the same time something in his ear. The train rolled away, and Eric and Roland stood alone on the station-steps.

They went silently back to the villa. Roland looked pale; every drop of blood seemed to have left his face. They reached the villa, where all was so silent and desolate.

After they had got out of the carriage, Roland grasped Eric's hand, saying, —

"Now we two are alone in the world. What can one undertake at such a time?"

The wind roared in gusts through the park, and shook the trees, whose blossoms went whirling into the air, while the river tossed up its waves; a thunder-storm was coming on.

Eric ordered the horses to be put again to the carriage, and entered it with Roland, who asked, —

"Where are we going?"

Eric quieted him with the assurance that he was about to show him a miracle. They drove down the road, where the wind was dashing about the branches of the nut-trees, while the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled overhead.

"Where are we driving?" Roland asked again.

"We are now going to school to Franklin. I can now show you how the lightning is tamed." And they drove on to the railroad station.

The telegraphist gave Eric a very friendly reception. Eric showed his pupil, in the office of the telegraph, the electrical current in a pretty little glass box, where a blue spark darted rapidly hither and thither, and then vanished over the connecting wires. At every flash a sharp click came from the connecting rods, and, at the same instant, the little blue flame appeared and then vanished.

Eric was glad to be able to exhibit this to his pupil, and the telegraphist added many important and interesting details. He related how they were inexpressibly troubled in their communications during a thunder-storm, for incomprehensible words came over the wires, and he was once hurled by a shock of electricity against the stove yonder. He showed the metal plates to draw off the lightning, which often struck and cut off the conducting rods as nicely as if done with a sharp file.

They had removed the lights, and saw only the little blue flame, which Roland watched with childish delight. It was easy to explain the operation of the electro-magnetic telegraph, and Roland said, —

"Even if Franklin was not acquainted with this, he yet first caught the lightning."

"Do you think that he could know what would be the results?"

Eric endeavored to explain to Roland,

that in all discovery, invention, creation and action, there is a great bond of unity, a continual process of development. And here in this dark room, while the little blue flame was dancing, and the three persons hardly venturing to speak aloud soon became utterly speechless, the soul of the youth was touched with a feeling of devotion, and raised far above the range of ordinary experience. The separation from his parents, the pleasure that had allured him, all had vanished, had sunk out of sight, as if he were living on some star remote from the earth.

The storm had ceased, and a copious rain was falling; when the window was re-opened, Roland said, gently taking Eric's hand, and looking out into the night, —

"Can one not imagine, that the soul in the bodies of human beings moves like the electrical spark on the wire?"

Eric made no reply. He saw that the boy was beginning to see something of the enigma of life; he must work it out for himself, and could not and must not be helped at present. And this trifling question gave assurance that the higher life could be preserved in the youth; he had overcome the desire of dissipation, and had given himself up to what could not be made slavishly subject to his will.

The telegraphist gave an account of Sonnenkamp's frightful appearance and conduct on the night that Roland was missing. He said in a low tone to Eric, that he himself was afraid of the man, and that notwithstanding the considerable sum of money which he offered him to remain there through the night, he had pleaded as an excuse the want of official orders, because he would not remain alone with Sonnenkamp for all the gold in the world.

Eric perceived that Roland had heard the last remark notwithstanding the low tone, and said in a jesting way, that a man who has to deal with the nervous filaments extended over the earth might very readily become nervous himself.

The telegraphist assented, and had many wonderful stories to tell. When Eric went with Roland into the passenger's room, he was surprised to see Roland's quick eye for the laughable characteristics of people. He had observed very shrewdly the peculiarities of the telegraphist, and imitated him very exactly. Without a direct rebuff, Eric endeavored to explain to his pupil, that those persons who are partly engaged in work, and partly in science, in that middle region of the vocations of life, such as apothecaries, surgical operators, lithographers, photographers, and telegraphists, are

easily carried from one extreme to the other. Telegraphy created a certain excitability, and susceptibility, on account of the direct arousing of the faculties and the operation at great distances, which give to the soul a certain tension and excitation.

Eric sought to explain all this to his pupil; he would have liked to give him the just views which are embraced in the knowledge of psychological principles, but he led him back to the wonderful in what they had seen, and he succeeded in his purpose of deeply impressing this upon the soul.

The stars were glittering in the heavens, when they returned home from their glance into the mysterious primitive force of earth's being.

Eric could not restrain the impulse to picture to his scholar what had been probably the feelings of that people of the desert, on the evening of that day when Jehovah had revealed himself to them in thunder and lightning upon Mount Sinai; how it must have been with them when they went to rest, and how it must have seemed to the souls of thousands, as if the world were created anew.

Eric hardly knew what he was saying, as he drove through the refreshed and glistening starry night. But the feelings of the boy and the man were devotional. And after they reached home neither wished to speak one word, and they quietly bade each other good-night. But Eric could not go to sleep for a long time. Is the light in the soul of a human being an incomprehensible electric spark that cannot be laid hold of, and which flashes up in resolve and act? So long as there is no storm in the sky we send at will the spark over the extended wire; but when the great, eternally unsubdued, primitive forces of nature manifest themselves, the human message is no longer transmitted, and the sparks spontaneously play upon the conducting wires. Chaos sends forth an unintelligible message.

A time will come when thou shalt no longer be master of the living soul of thy pupil, in which, with all thy heedful precaution, rude, uncontrolled elements are at work. What then?

There is no security given for the whole future, and in the mean time, what concerns us is to fulfil quietly and faithfully the duty of the day.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FRUIT IS SET ON THE GRAPE-VINE.

THERE is stillness in the vineyards on the mountain-side, and no persons are

among the green rows, for the vines, which until now were allowed free growth, have been tied up so that the blossoms may not flutter about. The hidden blossom makes no show, but a sweet fragrance, just faintly perceptible, is diffused through the air. Now, the vine needs the quiet sunshine by day, and the warm breeze by night; the bloom must be set as fruit, but the flavour, the aroma, and the strength are not brought out until the autumn. After the fruit has become set, storm and tempest may come; the fruit is vigorous, and sure of attaining its future noble destiny.

Roland and Eric went hand in hand over the country, with no definite object in view; the town was quiet, and the scattered country-houses were deserted.

Bella, Clodwig, and Franken had set out on a journey to Gastein, the Major to Tep-litz, the Justice with his wife and daughter to Kissingen. Only the doctor remained at his post, and he is now alone, for his wife has gone to visit her daughter and grandchildren. Eric had determined at the very first, before he knew of the journey to the Baths and of being alone, to decline every distraction and every connection with a wide circle of acquaintance, wishing to devote himself exclusively and entirely, with all his energies, to Roland. And so they were now inseparably together, from early in the morning until bedtime.

He only who lives with nature, day in and day out knows all the changes of light, so various and fleeting, and only he who lives exclusively with one person knows thoroughly the sudden upspringings of thought, when all is illuminated and stands out in prominent relief. Eric was well aware that Roland frequently dwelt upon the pleasures and dissipations of a life at the Baths, and that the youth had often to force himself to a uniform round of duty, struggling and inwardly protesting to some extent against it; but Eric looked upon it as the prancing of an untamed horse, who resists bit and bridle, but soon is proud of his trappings. Numberless elements influence, move, form, and expand whatever is in process of growth; man can bend and direct that which is taking form and shape, but to affect the changes beyond this stage is not in his power.

Eric brought three different influences to bear upon his pupil. They continued to read Franklin's life; Roland was to see a whole man on every side. The political career, which Franklin gradually entered upon, was as yet not within the range of the youth's comprehension; but he was to form some idea of such varied activity, and

Eric knew, too, that no one can estimate what may abide as a permanent possession in a young soul, even from what is but partially understood. The White House at Washington took rank in Roland's fancy with the Acropolis at Athens and the Capitol at Rome; he often spoke of his ardent desire to go on a pilgrimage thither.

It was hard to fix the youth's attention upon the establishment of the American Republic and the formation of the Constitution, but he was kept persistently to it.

Eric chose, for its deep insight, Bancroft's History of the United States.

They read, at the same time, the life of Crassus by Plutarch, and also Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. The impression of this poem was great, almost overlaying all the rest; here the New World has its mythical and its romantic age in the Indian legend, and it seems to be the work not of one man, but of the spirit of a whole people. The planting of corn is represented under a mythological form, as full of life as any which the myth-creating power of antiquity can exhibit.

Hiawatha invents the sail, makes streams navigable, and banishes disease; but *Hiawatha's* Fast, and the mood of exaltation and self-forgetfulness consequent thereon, made upon Roland the deepest impression.

"Man only is capable of that!" cried Roland.

"Capable of what?" asked Eric.

"Man only can fast, can voluntarily renounce food."

From this mythical world of the past, which must necessarily retire before the bright day in the progress of civilization, they passed again to the study of the first founding of the great American Republic. Franklin again appeared here, and seemed to become the central point for Roland, taking precedence even of Jefferson, who not only proclaimed first the eternal and inalienable rights of man, but made them the very foundation of a nation's life. Roland and Eric saw together how this Crusoe-settlement on a large scale, as Frederic Kapp calls it, unfolded into a high state of culture; and that sad weakness and compromise, which did not immediately abolish slavery, also constituted a knotty point of investigation.

"Do you think the Niggers are human beings like us?" asked Roland.

"Undoubtedly; they have language and the power of thought, just as we have."

"I once heard it said, that they could not learn mathematics," interposed Roland.

"I never heard that before, and probably it is a mistake."

Eric did not go any farther in this exposition; he wished to cast no imputation upon the father, who had owned large plantations tilled by slaves. It was sufficient that questions were coming up in the boy's mind.

Nothing better could have been contrived for Eric and Roland, than for them to learn something together. The architect, a man skilled in his business, and happy to have so early in life such an excellent commission entrusted to him, was communicative and full of information. The castle had been destroyed, as so many others were, by the barbarous soldiers of Louis XIV. encamped in Germany, exactly a hundred years before the French Revolution. An old main-tower, the so-called Keep, had still some remains of Roman walls, concrete walls, as the architect called them.

"What is concrete?" asked Roland. The architect explained that the inside and outside layers consisted of quarry stone laid in regular masonry, and between, stones of all sizes were thrown in, and then the whole was evidently cemented together with a sort of heated mortar.

Only one-third of the tower had apertures for light; the rest was solid stone wall.

The whole region had made use of the castle as a stone-quarry, and the corners had especially suffered, because they contained the best stones. The whole was grown over with shrubbery, the castle-dwelling had wholly disappeared, and the castle itself, originally Roman, had probably been rebuilt in the style of the tenth century. From a drawing found in the archives only a few additional characteristics could be made out, but from single stones and angles much of the general structure could be copied, and the architect showed how he had planned the whole, and he was particularly glad to have discovered the spring, out of which they had taken, to use his own expression, "a great deal of rubbish and dirt."

The insight into the inner mystery of a man's active calling produced a deep impression upon the youth, and he followed out the whole plan of construction with great diligence; and he and Eric always placed before them, as a reward for actual work accomplished, this instructive conversation with the architect, and even frequently a permission to be actively employed. It was a favorite thought of Roland's to live here at some future time alone at the castle, and he wanted to have had some hand in the building.

Roland and Eric were regularly but no accidentally, at the castle when the masons and the laborers engaged in excavation were paid off on Saturday evening. The time for leaving off work being an hour earlier than usual, the barber came from the town and shaved the masons, and then they washed themselves at the fountain; a baker-woman with bread also came out from the town, and the workmen placed themselves, one after another, under the porch of a small house that had been temporarily erected. Roland frequently stood inside the room, with the foremen, and heard only the brief words, —

"You receive so much, and you, so much."

He saw the hard hands which received the pay. Frequently he stood outside among the workmen themselves, or by their side, observing them; and the boys of his own age received his particular notice, and he thanked all heartily, when they saluted him. Most of them had a loaf of bread wrapped up in a cloth under their arm, and they went off to the villages where they lived, often singing until they were out of hearing.

Eric knew that it was not in accordance with Sonnenkamp's ideas for Roland thus to become familiar with different modes of life, for he had once heard him say, —

"He who wishes to build a castle need not know all the carters and quarrymen in the stone-pits around."

But Eric considered it his duty to let Roland have an unprejudiced acquaintance with a mode of life different from his own. He saw the expression of Roland's large eyes while they were sitting upon a projecting point of the castle, where the thyme sent up its sweet odor around them, and they looked out over mountain and valley, with the bells sending out their peal for the Sunday-eve; and he felt happy, for he knew that an eye which so looked upon the hard-working hands, and a thought which so followed the laborers returning to their homes, was forming an internal state that could not be hardheartedly unmindful of one's fellow-men. Thus was a moral and intellectual foundation laid in the soul of the youth. Eric took good heed not to disturb the germinating seed by exposing it to the light.

One evening, when they were sitting upon the castle, the sun had already gone down, and the tops of the mountains only were tinged with the glowing sunset, while the village, with its blue slate-roofs and the evening smoke rising straight in the air, seemed like a dream — Roland said, —

"I should like to know, how it is that no castles are to be found in America."

Eric repeated with pleasure Goethe's verses, —

"America, to thee is given
A better fate than here is found!
No mouldering castle-towers hast thou,
No monumental columns fallen,
No gloomy shadows of the past,
No vain and useless strife
Becloud thy heavens serene.
To-day suffices with its good;
And, sing your children in poetic strains,
Be it on higher themes
Than robbers, knights, and haunting ghosts."

Roland learned them by heart, and wanted to know more of Goethe.

In their quiet walks Eric repeated to him many of Goethe's poems, in which not man, but nature herself seems to have produced the expression. The towering spirit of Goethe, with Hiawatha and Crassus, was now added to the sedate and unexciting study of Benjamin Franklin.

Roland felt deeply the influence of the various moral and spiritual elements in whose circle he lived. Eric was able to quote apt passages from the classic poets of antiquity, as well as of his own country to his pupil. This revealed to Roland's perception the double manifestation of all life, and made him long for the real and true.

One day, when Eric and Roland were sitting on the boundary of a field, they saw a hare which ate a little, ran off, and then ate again. Roland said, —

"Timid hare! yes, why shouldn't he be timid? he has no weapons of attack or of defence; he can only run away."

Eric nodded, and the boy went on.

"Why are dogs the enemies of hares?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I can understand how the dog and the fox are enemies; they can both bite: but why a dog should hate and pursue a hare, that can do nothing but run, I can't understand." In spite of all his knowledge, Eric often found himself in a position where nothing but conjecture could help him; he said, —

"I think that the dog in a wild state found his chief food in the defenceless animals, as the fox does. The dog is really a tame cousin of the fox; education has changed him only so far that he now bites hares to death, but does not eat them. Animals that feed on plants live in the open air, but beasts of prey, in caves."

For a short time the boy sat silent, then he suddenly said, —

"How strange!"

"What is it?"

"You will laugh at me, but I have been thinking," — as he spoke a bright smile broke over the boy's face, showing the dimples in his cheeks and chin, — "the wild animals have no regular hours for their meals, they eat all day long; dogs have only been trained by us men to take their food at certain times."

"Certainly," replied Eric; "the regulation of our lives by fixed hours only begins with education."

And without tedious or unnecessary diffuseness, Eric succeeded in bringing before his pupil what a great thing it is to measure time, and to set our daily life to the rhythm of the universe, of the whole starry world.

Improbable as it may seem, it was really the fact, that from the time of this conversation, which began with so small and insignificant a matter, but took so wide a range, the hours of study of the pair were strictly fixed: Roland wished to have no more unoccupied time. This was a great step in his life; what had before seemed like tyranny was now a self-imposed law.

A few weeks later, Roland himself gave up his favorite companions for Eric's sake. On their walks through fields and over mountains, and their visits to the castle, the dogs had been taken as a matter of course. Eric was ready to reply to every question of his pupil, but a disturbing companion was always with them so long as Roland never went out without one of his dogs, and there could be no connected thought while the eye rested on the animal, however involuntarily. The dog constantly looked up at his master and wanted his presence acknowledged, and wandering thoughts followed him as he ran. It was difficult for Eric to bring Roland to leave them at home; he did not directly order him to do it, but he several times replied to his questions, by saying that he could not answer when their attention was given to calling the dogs and watching their gambols. When this had been repeated several times, Roland left the dogs at home, and saw that Eric meant to reward him for his sacrifice by his ready answers to all his questions. Eric led Roland into departments of knowledge, but took care not to impart too much at once; on many points he put him off till a later period, drawing him constantly to follow out the suggestions of his own observations.

Yonder lies the field, and there is the vineyard where the grapes grow, collecting and transmitting within themselves all the elements which float in the air, or repose in the earth; and more than all, the rolling river sends forth into the fruit an immeasur-

able strength and a mysterious fragrance. The growth goes on by day and night, through sunshine and dewy shade; rain and lightning and hail do their work, and the plants live on to their maturity. Each separate plant is at first hardly to be noticed, but it grows to meet its nature-appointed destiny.

Who can name all the elements which mould and build up a human soul? Who can say how much of what Eric cherished in Roland has grown and thriven up to this very hour? And yet this unbroken growth brings the mysterious result which forms our life.

Roland and Eric were present every morning and evening when the lawns were sprinkled, and when the shrubs and flowers in tubs and pots were watered; they helped in the work, and this endeavor to promote growth seemed to satisfy a thirst in themselves. There was a sense of beneficence in doing something to help the plants which gave beauty and freshness to day and night.

"Tell me," Roland once asked timidly, "why are there thorns on a rose-bush."

"Why?" answered Eric. "Certainly not that we may wound ourselves with them. The butterfly and the bee do not hurt themselves with the thorns of the rose nor with the spines of the thistle; they only draw honey and pollen from the flower-cups. Nature has not adapted herself to the muscular conformation of man, nor indeed to man at all. Everything exists for itself, and for us only so far as we know how to use and enjoy it. But, Roland," he added, as he saw that the boy did not well understand him, "your question is wrongly

put. For what purpose? and why? these are questions for ourselves, not for the rose-bush."

The park and garden blossomed and grew, and everything in its place waited quietly for the return of its master; in Roland, too, a garden was planted and carefully tended. And the thought comes, Will the master of this garden, and will his flowers and fruits, bring comfort and refreshment to those who live with him on the earth?

The nightingales in the park had grown silent, the intoxicating sweetness of the blossoms had fled, there was a quiet growth everywhere.

And while the days were full of mental activity, in the quiet nights Roland and Eric walked along the mountain paths, and feasted their eyes on the moonlit landscape, where on one side the mountains threw their shadows, and in sharp contrast the moonlight rested on the vineyards, and the stars shone above and sparkled in the river. An air of blessed peace lay over the landscape, and the wanderers drank it in as they walked on, breaking the silence only by an occasional word. These hours brought the truest benediction; in them the soul wished only to breathe, to gaze, to dream with open eyes, and to be conscious of the inner fulness, and of the on-flowing, quiet, prosperous growth of nature. The vine draws nourishment from earth and air, and in such hours all that is developed in the soul by nameless forces ripens there, with all that streams into it from without.

EVERYBODY who visited the Paris Exhibition the year before last will remember the continual throng of people flocking in and out of the German beer-shops as one of the most remarkable features of the show. The immense popularity of the Bavarian and especially the Austrian beer led to the opening of permanent establishments for its sale in different parts of Paris, and an attempt is now being made to gain a footing for the trade in London. At first sight, considering the vast amount of brewing which goes on in this country and the old reputation of the manufacture, the experiment of introducing foreign beer, on which the cost of a long journey has to be paid, may seem rather unpromising. In point of fact, however, the sort of beer which is supplied by Dreher and the Liesing Company has really no counterpart among the different varieties of English beer, and supplies what has long been recognized as a want—a light, pure, clear drink, of good flavour, but weak alcoholic

strength. This is just what our English brewers, from a mistaken notion of interest, seem determined not to brew. For the sake of the higher price, they compel people to drink strong stupefying ales, the lighter kinds of beer being quite insipid and unpalatable. A slight concession is, indeed, made in the case of beer for domestic use, though even then the same false principle may be detected; but in the case of taverns and public-houses it is impossible to get a glass of drinkable beer which is not stronger than need be. Nothing can be more absurd than that we should have to go to Munich or Vienna for beer which might be produced at home in any quantity, and probably of better quality. The *British Medical Journal* suggests, however, that the Austrians are making a mistake in charging 6d. a pint for their beer—more than three times as much as is charged in Vienna. The cost of carriage and other expenses are alleged in justification of this charge. Pall Mall Gazette.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FIGHT WITH THE "FAIR TRADERS."

It is a very painful moment to a girl, all whose actions have been hitherto under the control of others, when she suddenly finds that the responsibility of decision really rests upon her, and that no one else can share with her the bitter burden of inflicting pain — that it is her own will which has done the deed, her own words which have given the wound, and that she can shelter herself behind no one else even in her thoughts for the act. Lettice passed a miserable night and morning; she had no one to speak to, no one who could give her a word of comfort or advice. She dared not go down to "The Chine," for she knew how tenderly Mary felt towards her brother-in-law and did not feel sure how she would take her refusal.

There was a good deal of coming and going at the Puckspiece, but "you'd best know nothin' of it, if so be you should be asked," said Mrs. Edney, when she inquired.

Late in the afternoon, however, David appeared with the important air of a messenger of state.

"Aunt Mary sends word as how you're to go down to her without fail, as soon as may be, and she was all alone she bid me say, and wanted ye sorely, and I'm in a great hurry," he called out when she tried to stop him, and ran off.

She hurried down to the pilot's cottage as soon as she possibly could.

"Oh, Lettice!" said Mary, eagerly, as the girl came panting into the house; and then she paused as if she hardly knew how to go on. "Set ye down, chile; why, you're all in a trimble with comin' so fast. What were that imp Davy about to hurry ye so?" said she, as if to gain time. "I wanted to see ye, Lettice, sorely: there's such a deal going on, and folk setting themselves to their ruin, and no one to speak a word like, and I scarce know where to turn," said the poor woman, strangely moved from her usual calm condition. "There's summat doing more nor or'nary — a great land-in' o' goods somewhere or nother: that imp David telled me a bit, and I wormed the rest out o' Edwin's wife. Ye didn't know (how should ye?) how Jesse's been strivin' these months past to persuade Caleb to give o'er wi' fair-trading and bide along o' he. Tain't so much as he thinks a keg or two o' sperits nor a bit o' sugar 'll do any one's soul hurt; but there's been summun killed down coast, where there was a big run last month, and the revenue officers is just mad,

and swears summun shall hang for't next time they catches 'um at it; and Jesse he said, says he, when it come to losing life and takin' of it, he did conceive that were agin God's law, let alone man's, and that Caleb hadn't no right to risk doing neither the one nor the t'other. And the lad had as good as said he would give o'er wi' 'um and not go nigh 'um no more —" and then Mary hesitated. "And last night when he come home he were one like crazy mad, and said he didn't care what came o' him wi' the gaugers, and then he went off wi' Edwin, as had waited for him with the boat, hopin', after all, as he might think better on it. Yer father's been eggging of him on, and persuading him as this'n were to be the biggest ventur' of the season, and 'twould be coward like to leave 'um that time when they was sure to have a fight for't: that's what Edwin's wife telled me, and Caleb went off wi' he yesterday. Eh, if I had but heerd on it! but they never tells me them things, because o' Jesse. And yer father! if he chooses to risk his own neck, he didn't ought to lead they young 'uns into the trouble. He were in for it hisself ten year agone, and left, ye know, to be out o' the way; and when he thinks 'tis blowed over, here he's risking it again. And now he's after my boy, who'd ha' been quiet enow an he'd been just left alone," moaned Mrs. Jesse.

Lettice sat by with her hand over her eyes, but did not speak.

"I did think maybe Caleb might be up to yer father most like even now. They never knows, not exact, when nor where the run will land, and this time the cutter's out, and the coastguard has warning a' along the line, and that makes our fellows just more mad for to circumvent 'um."

"But what can I do?" said Lettice, the great tears gathering in her eyes.

"They say as they'll land first at the Puckspiece for to git yer father. Couldn't ye send and say wouldn't Caleb come to ye, and then if ye can get the speech o' him, tell 'un it isn't right o' him to be so venturesome, and to risk his life like that — ask him not to fling hisself into the fire, as no good can come of it."

"But he won't give it o'er for me asking o' him," replied the girl.

"He'd do anything you asted o' him," said Mrs. Jesse, energetically, without looking at her. "Don't ye know as he'd lay his hand o' the fire if ye wanted it?" And she wrung her hands as she spoke.

"I'll try what I can," said Lettice, slowly; "but wouldn't he think as I meant more than —?"

"'Couldn't ye think o' him, Lettie?" interrupted Mrs. Jesse. "There ain't many not like him. He's so tender, and thoughtful, and kind, for all that bantering way with him. I dunnot know what like him may be as you've a set yer mind to, but he must be a terrible good 'un as he's fit to tie his shoestrings to Caleb, as yer father's a lurin' on to destruction."

Lettice looked the picture of misery, but she was silent.

"And a queer thing love is, to be sure," said Mrs. Jesse, almost passionately. "Here's this 'un ye cares for as ye scarce know, nor has seed not a score o' times in yer life, maybe; and for to be true to be as don't care so much as to come anigh ye this long fur time" (Lettie winced) "ye won't hold out yer hand ever such a bit to save life and liberty for one as is being dragged in by yer own father to his ruin, and would lay down his life cheerful for ye any day, as well ye knows it. Save him, child, if ye can, and see after about lovin' of him."

Poor Lettice was sore beset; she had risen to go, and stood now, the great tears rolling slowly down her cheeks, but very still, with her hands clasped before her so tightly that her own gripe gave her pain, while she was hardly conscious of the reason.

"I'll do what I can," said she; "but 'twouldn't do to ask him to stop for my sake when I haven't got that sort to give 'um as he wants me to, or to hinder of him going with that kind o' words, Aunt Mary; 'twould do no good for to act lies no more than to speak 'um. I don't love him. I'll go home directly, happen he may come up to our place though."

"I don't want thee to say aught to him as isn't true; but sure, plenty's the words as thou could'st find in thy heart for to say to him an yer would try for 'um as is true as gospel, and yet would serve to kip him quiet for a while till this bout's over."

Mrs. Jesse was more used to give help and advice than to ask for either. She felt as if she had done her hard task ungraciously, and was urging the poor girl more than she would have dared to do in her calmer moments, and she threw her apron over her head and moaned pitifully.

The afternoon was close, almost oppressive, and hardly a breath of air was stirring. Poor Lettice felt as if she were stifling, and drew near the door, too miserable to answer, and not knowing what to do.

"There's a smartish storm coming up. 'Tis queer weather for so late in the year," said Mrs. Jesse at last, with a heavy sigh, and looking out at the sea. "I wonder

where 'twill find the boat! and Jesse, too, where's he? Look at them margets!" she interrupted herself as three magpies flew by.

"Two for a wedding, three for a funeral. Whatever will that mean? David shall go with ye," she added as she saw Lettice preparing to go out. "'Tis trimming likely as there's bad folk abroad to-day, and he can stop at the Puckspiece for when ye want him: ye may chance find as ye can send to our folk somewhere."

"She must go by the cliffs then if I'm to go with her," said that worthy, with great determination; "there's all sorter things may be a doin' out at sea as a man wants to look at."

They set forth together. The little sheep-path wound in and out, following the line of coast, sometimes so close to the edge that you could pitch a pebble on to the shore a couple of hundred feet or more just below; sometimes the little green riband of turf fell back among the tangles of heather and furze. The boy was so intent upon watching the sea that she could hardly get him along at all.

"I must get on, David," said she, at last. "Look! what's that?" and she laid her hand on him as she pointed to a trim vessel behind him, with all its sails set, which came creeping round the projecting horn of the bay in the windless calm.

"Eh, yer beast!" answered he, shaking his small fist at it. "Bad luck to it. It's the revenue cutter, a villain, hovering round the coast after mischief. And look," he added, "yonder, far out at sea, there's them other sails. I wonder which on 'em is ourn? Wouldn't they give summat to be up here, both on 'um, where they can see out no end of way off?"

On the dark line of the sea, where it met the horizon, a score of little ships, with all sails spread, trying to catch a breeze, were attempting to get up the Channel; but were almost as stationary as "painted ships upon a painted ocean," each looking like a white butterfly.

There was evidently a storm rising. The deep voice of the sea sounded like the angry growl of a wild beast before it springs: the note was low, but threatening, though all was so still; two or three large drops fell out of the sultry copper-coloured sky.

"'Twill be a wonderful night," said the boy. "Lots o' folk will be about as soon as 'tis dark." And he turned to the west, where the sun was setting in a pomp of lurid orange and red.

"They doesn't talk much afore thee, fear thou'll let out summat; but la! thou'st

not sharp enow for that! What hurt could such a little 'un as thee do? Why, I could knock thee down wi' my fut," said the imp, from the height of his magnificent three feet six. "There'll be fine doings p'r'aps, who knows, to-night? Since that run at Roxton Creek a month back, the gaugers, they says, is that mad angry, for not a soul would tell, and the kegs o'speerit worth three guineas each and more; they swore the next shouldn't pass like that."

As they reached the little hill behind the Puckspiece came the first thunder-clap, sudden and sharp.

The girl sank into the heather, and hid her face.

"Run, Lettie, yer silly!" cried the little lad, shaking her. "Theest'll be soaked like a herring!" And he dragged her in as the rain came down like a waterspout, almost before they had gained their shelter.

"You'd best stay to-night," said Mrs. Tony, as David stood before the fire with much majesty; "yer aunt won't look for ye."

"Do ye know what's come o' the lugger? When did she get off?" said Lettice, anxiously.

At that moment, Tony came into the kitchen with a wonderfully busy manner about him.

"I shall want ye, ye little chap—ye'd best stay; the speerits is out to-night rumbling and rampaging like anything," he said, half laughing as he looked at Lettice.

David cast a knowing wink at her. "I'll stay," said he, with great condescension.

The rain came down with a will, the thunder-claps succeeded each other like salvoes of artillery, but they did not last: the clouds passed over their heads after a time, and the storm sank away.

The night was very dark, the thunder had not cleared the air, the wind uncertain and in puffs.

"David, come out wi' ye," said Tony, who had again left the house, and now looked in with a great armful of sticks. "The bavins* is dry in the sheds: you go and fetch 'em out as quick as you can."

"A beacon!" cried the boy in great delight, turning head over heels as he spoke.

"You hold your tongue!" said Tony.

"They ain't a goin' to land here?" inquired his wife, with some anxiety.

"There ain't no choice but here. There's too many to fight to-night. The coast-guard's gone to 'The Bunny,' and the cutter's off the Dutchman's Wrook. Norton's

got summun to peach as we was going to land there, and the man were to git I dunno what for his pains," said Tony, with a grin. "The coast-guard's gone there these two hours back to be ready. Russell seed 'em pass all right."

As the night fell a great waggon and two carts came up the steep sandy road, and took their station close to the little wood.

The beacon was lit on a bare heathery space, just at the very edge of the cliff, and close to where the steep cleft of the bunny opened up from the shore. In spite of the rain the sandy soil was almost dry already, and, with the dry bavins, nominally collected for the brick-kiln, they were able to keep up a great light, which flared high in the air, leaping up in great forked flames from time to time, as armsful of gorse and pine-branches were heaped upon it, and then sinking again low and red.

There was a pause: the men fed the fire steadily, and their black forms could be seen against the light as they went to and fro with the fuel.

"Whatever have they done to the other beacon at the Monk's Head?" said one of them. "There did ought to have been one there for to mislead the cutter; but it must ha' gone out. P'raps their wood ain't so dry as ourn," he added, peering into the darkness; "it's lucky that at Froyle Creek is all right."

The stamping of the horses was heard on the other side the little wood; else out of the sound of the waves all was still, and the darkness lessening as the moon was rising and the heavy clouds clearing away.

In a few minutes the brown sail of the lugger came in sight for a moment within the circle of light cast by the beacon upon the sea, and then passed into more convenient obscurity. The boats came off with muffled oars, and there was some bustle and confusion on the shore of the little cove, where they were landing the cargo.

Presently a line of heads began to appear above the cliff as man after man came up, each with a keg slung before and two behind. There were few words spoken—a little laughter; but they were in too great a hurry for anything but their work.

"Hand 'um up one from t'other, t'would be far quicker," said Norton Lisle's voice.

The busy line of men stretched from nearly the bottom of the cliff, where the kegs were being hoisted out of the boats, to the top of the bunny, and down the shelving path—slippery with the fir pines—which led through the wood to the spot

* Faggots.

where the carts were ready in waiting for their cargo.

The last of the kegs was landed and the vessel was just clearing off, when a loud cry arose on land where the men were loading the goods, as the coastguard came upon them, while at sea the dreaded cutter came standing in with all her sails set. She had found out the mistake in her intelligence as soon as the party on shore; but though nearer in distance from "The Bunny," the wind had obliged her to tack out to sea without even the beacon to guide her the chief part of the way—for the light had been put out as soon as possible after the lugger was safely in, and she had been beating up and down for the point in the dark pretty much at hazard.

"Now for it, lads!" cried Norton, as the "swingels" began to play—the same cudgels with which their ancestors, the West Saxons, had done good service under Alfred; and again later on, it is said, at the battle of Sedgemoor.

To main an officer in discharge of his duty was "felony without benefit of clergy," as they knew well, but cudgel-blows were supposed to be all fair play: they were nearly two to one, but the coast-guard and the crew of the cutter were both well armed, and the fight was therefore not unequal. In the dark wood many a Homeric combat went on unsung, and one seized his foeman by the midst, another smiting on the head, dragged him gasping. There is nothing like the use of blunt weapons for developing individual prowess: to give and take for half an hour, without serious harm, enables a degree of skill and courage to be shown which is sadly cut short by "villanous saltpetre" taking effect at five hundred yards' distance, while it must have required "a good deal of killing" before Ajax's brazen sword took effect on his foes.

The "swingels" were going merrily, but the blood of the revenue officers began to rise: it was difficult to stand the smart blows of nearly invisible cudgels without returning something in kind.

"Drive on!" shouted Norton to the carters.

"At your peril!" cried the chief gauger. "If the waggons stir, I'll shoot the leader."

The carters, without attending to him, urged on the team; he fired: the poor horse, maddened with pain, turned short round and the man fell under his feet. David was close at hand, nearly under the wheels, but he had as many lives as a cat, and scrambled out on the other side, and

the next moment was hammering and shaking the closed door of the house.

"Let me in, let me in, aunt Sally; I must come in."

Mrs. Tony cautiously undid the bolts.

"Give me uncle Tony's pistols—he wants 'um," said he, breathlessly, as she locked the door again.

"And that's what you shan't have," said she, very determinedly.

"I must, I tell 'ee! The coastguard's beginning to fire, and the cutter's men has their cutlasses, and don't ye hear Norton screeching like mad to the carters to drive off, and the other t'other gauger shouting to 'um to stop? And they say as that young Wynyate as is so hot agin' the fair trading has just a drove up in a gig wi' another young chap."

"Wynyate?" cried Lettice. "Uncle Ned!"

It was what she had always dreaded; her ideas as to his duties were very vague and uncertain, but she knew that very probably this part of the coast might be within reach of his division. She rushed to the window.

"Uncle Ned," she screamed, "don't kill him! It's my father," she cried in an agony.

"What's the use o' that?" said Mrs. Tony, philosophically. "D'ye think they'd give o'er for a girl screeching and squealing like that?"

But Lettice was deaf to such considerations, and while his aunt's attention was directed to her the boy suddenly undid the bolts, and with a burning stick in his hand, rushed out again into the *melée*, which was surging fiercely up now round the carts.

"'Tis the first reel fight as they've had this season," said Mrs. Tony composedly; "but I wish Tony'd come up; he'll get into mischief surely."

As she was shutting the door again, however, her husband forced his way in.

"I must have the pistols! why didn't you send 'um?" he whispered angrily, as he entered the inner room.

"How can ye!" said his wife, in a low eager voice, as she followed him in. "'Tis felony without yer clergy" (she had got up the phrase most patly) "to resist the officers, as you've telled me score and scores of times."

Tony made no answer, but went on fumbling under the bed where they were hidden.

"And ye'r so lame as ye can't help 'um anything to matter," lamented his wife; "'twould be different if ye was one-and twenty and had yer legs."

"We might save the run yet," he answered, as he knelt down opening a hole in the floor.

A flash passed over his wife's stolid face: she turned suddenly out of the room and locked the door behind her; the window was grated and there was no other means of exit for the lame man. She found the kitchen empty and Lettice gone.

"To be sure!" said she, as she saw that two of her prisoners had escaped. "Well, if they likes to get their heads broke, 'tis their own look-out: I've got the one as sinnifies safe," she ended to herself, with much satisfaction.

There had been no shooting hitherto, but of the horse—only fair hand-to-hand fighting; but as Lettice came out the report of one pistol was heard and then another. She had lost sight of David—who had dashed forwards—and drew back terrified under the shelter of the house. In a few minutes some one came up dragging a wounded man towards the lighted window.

"I shall be back directly, Dixon," said Ned. "I must just see that the men squander themselves outside by the carts."

And he was off again before she recognized him in the dark, for there was a cry from the wood for help.

She crouched over the wounded gauger trying to do what she could for him in the midst of her terror.

"Are you much hurt?" said she.

"I ain't much the better for it," answered he; "I'm afraid they've pretty well done for me. I hope they'll catch him that fired," he went on, looking eagerly into the darkness. "It were in revenge for killing the horse I do believe."

At that moment a tremendous flare of fire lit up the whole space round: it gleamed on the pine-trunks among which the men were dodging; it showed the carters hurriedly unlading the useless waggon, and helped them to drive off the smaller carts; and it settled a disputed point in one kicking, struggling mass of legs and arms. Two of the coastguard succeeded in securing a man who certainly without the light would have made his escape, while another of the smugglers threw his opponent in a wrestling-match and got away.

A whole group of men now came up towards the house, gesticulating, talking, and explaining, and Lettice could distinguish Everhard's voice.

"It was that man who fired the pistol—I could swear to it—who's got away," said he.

She was hardly surprised: the faculty of wonder seemed dead in her. She felt as in

a dream, when nothing seems improbable, and every one turns up everywhere, and the unexpected is what is likeliest to occur.

"What, Lettie!" cried he, in extreme wonder, when he reached the lighted space before the house. He took hold of her anxiously, but was too much interested in what had happened not to go on with his story. "Ned and I had got hold of one of 'um—I believe it were Red Jack: he was the head one for certain, egging on the rest, and I think it was he fired at Dixon. We should have kept him too, but for that fellow who set upon Ned," said he, turning back towards the prisoner. "And eh! I was like nothing by myself in the big man's hands; he threw me like a child; I never felt such fists. But, I warrant, I could swear to them, and that shock of red hair, anywhere though his face was blackened."

To his surprise he felt Lettice shiver in his clasp. He left hold of her suddenly. What could this fellow be to her?

In another moment the prisoners came up heavily ironed, and escorted on both sides.

Lettice knew that the first of them was Caleb by a sort of instinct, even before she saw him.

"I did my best, Lettie," said he, slowly and sadly. "He's safe off, and I should have got away myself if it hadn't been for that beastly light. I wonder who started it?"

The boy put up his face from between the men's legs.

"Oh, Caleb! I's so sorry! I couldn't see, and I did want so bad to see! And the men at the carts was swearin' at the dark, and I thought 'twould help 'um load the kegs, and I set fire to just a very little 'un as had rolled away. I'd allays heerd say the light of the speerits were so fine, and I'd no more thought o' harmin' ye nor anything!"

The coastguard laughed jeeringly at the boy.

"Well, you've done our business, young 'un, as well as though you'd a been paid for it."

"You've a scuttled my boat pretty fair for me anyhow, David," muttered poor Caleb, with a sigh.

It was but half a victory after all for the revenue officers: their chief was wounded, a great part of the cargo had been carried off; on the other hand, they had secured two prisoners.

"You must manage now for the best yourselves," said Dixon to one of his men, when they had carried him into the house.

"I don't think I can do you much more

good now. Why, what's this?" he added, as Tony came out of the inner room when the door was undone, crestfallen, but on the whole not sorry to be safe when he saw how matters had fallen out.

"I locked it," said his wife. "He's lame; what for should he get into mischief?"

Dixon laughed rather grimly. "I advise yer, sirrah, to help go after the doctor as fast as ye can, if ye wish to keep out o' mischief with us."

"Lettie, what on earth are you doing here?" said Everhard, gravely, as soon as he had helped to deposit the wounded man on the trundle-bed, and had time to look round.

The girl did not answer.

"Who is Red Jack, and what is he to you, that you should care so for him? I don't understand," went on Everhard, utterly puzzled, and looking jealously about him.

"How was it you was trying to take him?" said Lettice, looking tearfully up into his face. "It was my father, and one of the men says he's wounded too."

"Your father," replied he, with a great start, drawing back.

"Ah," thought she, "he'll not care for me any longer, now he knows that."

"We've no time to lose: there must be men left here to guard what's left of the spirits, and I'm too bad to move," said poor Dixon. "The prisoners must be got off to the cutter. Where on earth can that fellow Wynyate be got to?" he went on angrily. "He's allays for putting himself forward when there's no call for him, and now, when he could do some good, nobody can lay hands upon him."

"He took himself off with the gig when the cry was as Red Jack had got away," said one of the men—"driving, as it were more convenient so to get to the next coastguard station, he said. He'd rouse the country that side, I take it."

"And, that's uncommon cool," cried Everhard, much annoyed. "What a shame! and the mare that's come seventeen miles this evening, and not a minute's rest. He'll founder her as sure as fate, and then whatever 'll my father say? What a fool I was to let him bring me here!" he muttered to himself. "How am I to get back without the trap, I wonder?"

"You must go back in the cutter," said Dixon, wearily, "if that's all. Besides, you'll be wanted as a witness for who shot at me, and I don't choose you should be out of our sights. More by token that you'd scarce be safe going off home by land

alone this dark night, after you've been helping to lay hands on some of them fair traders; and there's scarce enow of us for to do the work."

"If Norton Lisle's afoot again, there'll chance be a rescue an we don't make haste," said one of the older men.

"There, do you hear," said Dixon, "you go along with the rest?"

As he spoke, Everhard had gone once more to Lettice's side; but she drew back from him, for in the circle of light outside thrown through the door she saw Caleb's face sad and lowering, with such an expression of pain in it that she could not bear to do anything to increase it. He knew now only too clearly who it was that stood in his way, and he bit his lip till the blood almost came, as he stood there heavily ironed, utterly helpless, hardly able to move hand or foot.

"Oh, if only we could ha' settled it in fair fight, him and me—fists or cudgels either—we should ha' seen which were the best man of us two fast enough," he muttered between his teeth.

"There's no time to waste, lads," said Dixon, lying back. "Lead off them two towards the cutter. 'Twill be safer that way than by land."

Lettice turned away from Everhard, and went out and up to Caleb's side as they were moving off. She laid her hand upon his bound wrists, but he winced as if the touch had been hot iron, for he read her feeling as plainly as if she had spoken it. He saw it was no love that prompted the act, and he hated the mere compassion, and perhaps undervalued its tenderness.

"Oh, Caleb," said she, choked with her tears, "how can I thank ye enow for getting of him off safe; but what will aunt Mary say when she hears you're took?" she sobbed.

He looked at her darkly for a minute, but did not answer, and they walked him away.

Everhard stood by, watching her angrily. She turned coldly from him—she felt almost as if he had her father's blood on his hands. Why had he thrust himself forward thus to help in taking him? it wasn't his business. Mary's inuendoes, too, came back again to her: he might have found out where she was if he had tried before this. Why had he kept away from her all this time?

"So she's took on with that fellow," said Everhard, jealously, to himself. "Well, let her, then!" and he did not seek to come near her again before he followed the rest down to the shore.

The Puckspiece seemed to sink again into silence. David had run off in one direction; Tony was gone for the doctor with one of the men.

The coastguard were busy collecting the scattered kegs. Mrs. Edney was occupied with the wounded man, and Lettice at first had enough to do in assisting her. There was some commotion and noise as other smuggled goods were discovered. But at length they left further examination till daylight, and all was still but the tread of the night-watchers. Mrs. Tony was busy up and down, providing for her unwelcome guests. The sick man had dozed off uneasily. The wind was rising, and sighing sadly in the little pine-wood, as Lettice sat by him, vainly trying to bring her thoughts into order. What would become of her father, and what were the other two out at sea in this stormy night doing and thinking of? Her anger against Everhard sank when she was alone—she discovered all sorts of excellent reasons for his not coming near her—and then she began to take herself to task about Caleb. But her conscience acquitted her in that direction: she had never encouraged him, or even suspected the young man's love until it was too late.

"What'll they do with that young 'un they've a took?" she heard one coastguard say to the other, as they sat smoking over the fire.

"Hang him," replied an older one, laconically. "Them Edneys is always in mischief."

"Nay, they'll scarce do that, as he weren't armed," said the first; "they'll transport him most like."

So that was what he had risked in trying to save her father.

"Who was that other t'other young chap as drove up wi' Wynyate?" went on the coastguard again.

"'Twere the son of the old feller as lends money, and is no end of rich, they says, down at Mapleford, as is in the ships' office at Seaford; but he'd no call down here with our folk. I can't think what he was after, on'y he's very thick wi' Wynyate."

"Well, that there's the right stuff, though," observed the younger man: "I likes to see a young fellow ready for to hit out agin' anybody and everything. I wonder is he gone off with the rest in the boat now?"

Tony had returned by this time, bringing with him the doctor: the Puckspiece had not a good name in the neighbourhood; but a surgeon carries a white flag of truce and

is welcome and safe everywhere. He did what was necessary for Dixon's wounds, but the man lay in a very precarious state, and the room was so small that Lettice was not wanted any longer: there was more than help enough. "You'd best go to bed, child," said Mrs. Tony, meaning to be kind.

And she retreated to her own little cell. "Nobody wants me," she said, drearily, to herself.

She felt utterly desolate and forsaken: the waters seemed to go over her. There was no one now to whom she could appeal for sympathy: her uncle Amyas could not endure Everhard; even Mary would always feel that she was, however involuntarily, the cause of Caleb's misfortune. Her poor little conscience was tormenting itself with all sorts of doubts: had she done rightly by them all? She seemed to herself like a leaf driven to and fro among these vehement men, with no free will or action left her but the power of giving pain.

The bitter feeling arose within her that by no turn of fate could she now be simply happy at no one's expense, that anyhow she must be the cause of sorrow—until at last she could have moaned aloud as she rocked herself to and fro in her miserable loneliness.

And the stormy wind rose among the pines, and sang its great music among their branches as on a majestic organ, with a solemn sound which made itself heard even amidst the storm of her own feelings, and she turned to listen.

In her Puritan education, her thoughts often came to her, not in her own words, but in those of the grand old hymns and psalms and spiritual songs of past great men.

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,"

it seemed to say to her,

"Our shelter in the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

"Our shelter!" "home!" repeated the poor child, as the words sank into her heart and stilled her throbbing pulses. And her whole soul went up in a kind of voiceless prayer. "And then she lay and spoke not, but He heard in heaven." And soothed and quieted, she fell asleep at last as the dawn was beginning to break.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HALF A GALE IN THE CHANNEL.

EVERHARD had turned away and followed the prisoners and their guard. The dim

night made the footing difficult and dangerous through the wood and down the front of the sand-cliffs by which they were to reach the shore. There was no time to be lost; the storm was beginning to rise. " 'Twill be a wild night," said one of the men.

The brilliant lights, where the moon touched the top of a wave, or a shining wet stone, made the black shadows still deeper; and the outlines of the dark figures of the men came out with curious distinctness against the bright light in the sky. By day the features and details are what occupy one's attention; but in twilight it is the outline which principally strikes the eye.

He crawled down the steep chine as best he could, no one taking any notice of him, or caring what became of him. He was in an exceedingly discontented frame of mind upon all subjects. It is not an agreeable sensation to discover that the father of your intended is a smuggler in danger of his life; or, secondly, that you have yourself been actively engaged, without the smallest necessity — as a labourer, in fact, of love — in trying to capture him. He was very anxious about Lettice herself; and, finally, he had been left in the lurch, deserted by his friend, stranded, after having been dragged into the pursuit of the smugglers against his will, as he repeated to himself several times in exculpation of his doings — made use of in a way by no means pleasant to his self-love.

The authority over the party was gone after poor Dixon's loss, and the next in command was only anxious to get off his men, and entirely careless about Everhard's comfort or dignity.

"You can go home in the lugger, if you please: the cutter's full," he said, somewhat cavalierly, when appealed to.

Everhard's sympathies went over to the enemy. What call had he to help against the smugglers? They had done him no harm: in fact, at that very moment, there was a cigar of very doubtful extraction in his own pocket; and as he scrambled on after the rest, there was a great revulsion in his feelings towards them. He was angry with Lettice, with himself, with everybody, in short, except Caleb, who was sitting before him on a stone, with his head on his knees, looking the picture of misery: for he was fastened now hand and foot. His captors had left him for a moment; there was a good deal of delay and difficulty in getting the men and goods on board: the wind was rising fast, and the tide rising.

Everhard stood a little way off and

looked intently at him. The motives for most actions are mixed. He is a bold man who flatters himself that he can understand even his own, or unravel their cloudy texture: the strand is far too much twisted in most cases. His pride had been hurt; he had been made nothing of. He was taken honestly with a sudden compassion for the young fellow whose career he had thus helped to cut short. It is unpleasant, until you are used to it, to assist in shutting up a man for seven years or more, with a chance of hanging, for the sake of a law so purely human and conventional as smuggling. A touch of a mock-heroic impulse of magnanimity came over him. "It was an ugly trick in me," said he to himself. "Can you swim?" he muttered in a low voice as he passed him.

Caleb did not answer. He had vowed a deadly hatred in his heart against his prosperous young rival.

"Who's got the key of the handcuffs?" went on Everhard in the same tone. It was like putting an electric spark into a man, to hear a friendly voice at that moment, but there was no time for more.

"Come up," shouted the officer to him through the noise of the surf: "you're to go in this boat." It was putting off to the cutter heavily laden, amidst a great deal of noise and confusion, nobody seeming exactly responsible for anything. The first prisoner had got in, and they were only waiting for Caleb, who had slipped on the sand, and could not rise, manacled as he was.

"He can't get into the boat with those things round his ankles," said Everhard, helping him up somewhat deliberately. They were off a lee shore with a storm coming on, — there was no time to be lost.

"Take him on board the lugger, in the other boat, and mind you're careful to put on the handcuffs again as soon as you're in," screamed the officer, much troubled at his divided responsibility, and at not being able to be in two places at once, in his attempt to get off both vessels safely.

The remainder of the guard had succeeded in getting Caleb into the other boat, and then into the lugger, Everhard keeping close to him. In a few more minutes they had raised the anchor, and were going before the wind much faster than was pleasant on a dark night so near the shore.

Two sailors from the cutter had been sent to take possession of the little vessel, which was prize, and therefore precious to them all, but the rest of the men on board were all landsmen.

"Help me on with those handcuffs," said

the officer, holding tight on to Caleb, though the vessel gave such a tremendous lurch that he could only keep his footing by clinging fast to his prisoner. Caleb smiled a little grimly as he set him straight again.

"You'll want all the help you can get, in such weather, I can tell ye," cried Everhard. "The lugger belonged to the man: he can steer her a deal better than any of you will; he can't get away in a sea like this any way, and I wouldn't risk all our lives, if I were you, with tying up the only man on board as knows anything about the boat. Can't ye leave him till morning, and we get near to the shore again?"

The officer was new to the men and not used to the sea, and much taken aback at finding himself in a place of such responsibility, with no one to command him or to be answerable for mistakes; and Caleb was left at liberty. He had not hitherto uttered a word; but, as the boat went plunging over the heavy dark waves, shivering all over, he seized the tiller-ropes out of the hands of the incapable who had hold of them, and shouted his orders to the other men.

"The boat will behave wonderful. She can swim like a duck wi' a man who knows how to handle her," muttered he, with the sort of stern pleasure in danger which a man often feels who is a real master of his work, and quite over and above the hope of escaping from the horror of being shut up within prison walls.

"Keep her head towards Seaford," screamed the officer.

"You'll not see Seaford to-night," said Caleb, "with the wind dead agin' us, and half a gale in the Channel."

But the noise was much too great for any one to be heard. He had said truly: the little vessel seemed to obey his "handling." She shipped no seas under his skilful steering, though the showers of salt spray came rushing over her as she ploughed her way over the enormous rollers of an inky blackness which came in on her straight from the Atlantic, "without a stick between her and America," and threatening to sink her before morning light.

CHAPTER XIX.

WAIFS AFTER A STORM.

THE grey morning was only just beginning to appear, when Lettice was roused from her uneasy sleep by a shower of gravel thrown at the window, repeated again and again. She sprang up, and opening the casement cautiously, saw a little grey thing with a very uncertain outline

moving about outside, extremely like the pucks and pixies to whom the place rightfully belonged. It was making signs to her, and for a moment she drew back startled. "Lettice," said David's voice, "yer father sends ye word as ye was to git him a little bag o' money o' his'n as is hid —" and here his eager whisper became inaudible.

"Where David? I can't hear," said the girl, anxiously leaning out of the window.

"'Tis in the old chimley in the room where he bided, eleven bricks from the bottom, five bricks from the side. Yer was to git it out wi' this old knife I've a brought ye. And I wish 'twere me as 'twere to do it — 'twould be rare fun. But I haven't a care to let them gauger bodies git hold of me," said he with much importance. "Wouldn't they be glad, not they! Norton 'll want his money and things for to git clear out o' the countryside; and don't ye trust Tony not anyways, I was to say. See, yer father fastened this bush to me, and nobody can't tell whether I bean't a bush mysen!" The imp had got a couple of boughs tied to him before and behind, which "puzzled the sight" of him as it were, and he vanished in the gloaming as he came.

The morning rose dark and dismal: the storms of autumn rain, which had now fairly begun, poured down during the whole day without intermission. The revenue officers tore up every plank about the bouse, and broke into every place they could think of after concealed goods: the burrow in the hill was discovered behind the stables, and kegs were found in the dreaded well.

The whole place was utterly wretched and miserable; there was not a hole or corner where Lettice could take refuge except in the sick man's room, while the splash of the rain went on uninterruptedly hour after hour.

She went round and round, watching anxiously for an opportunity to get alone into her father's room; but there seemed never a chance. "I'll lay me down there and rest a bit," she had heard one of the men who had been up all night say the first thing after she rose.

At last there was a cry that a fresh hole had been found in the hill: for Tony having discovered that he was likely to get into trouble with the "Board," was at last giving his valuable assistance. The men's attention was all turned to the spot — even poor Dixon raised his head; and Lettice hurried into the dilapidated room. The floor had all been torn up, the rain was dripping through the broken roof: the

chimney even had been examined, but without success.

She counted her bricks; but David had not told her on which side she was to search, and the first corner which she tried showed no signs that the blackened mortar had ever been disturbed; and she was turning her attention to the other end, when she started at Tony's voice outside,—"Why, what on airth," said he, "can't ye make a fire in that chimbley where Norton used to bide, if you're so wet as all that?" And she retreated in haste. At last, while the men were occupied in dragging in the wood and turf, she took her chance in despair, dug desperately again among the bricks, came at length upon the right one, and drew out from behind it a little dirty bag from its concealment, which she had only just time to hide when she was called on imperiously to "get them a light" by the men, and she replaced the brick only just as they came in.

"Bless us, child, why, what's come over ye? What's the matter now ye looks so flustered? Has any o' them men been a speakin' to ye? I'll tell ye what: ye must just be making out going home to yer friends," said Mrs. Tony, as Lettice in a breathless state came back into the kitchen. "Ye must send word as they're to fetch ye. This isn't the place for ye."

"But what if father should come back and want me?" replied Lettice, anxiously, thinking of the bag.

"Lawk-a-daisy, child, how should he come back, I wonder? Why, they'd up and take him like nothing. He'll never not come nigh the place. And ye see there isn't vittle for ye here, nor nothing; and you'd be much best out of the way, wi' all these men about. Tony shall drive ye 'cross country: he can borrow his brother's cart, and yer uncle can meet ye at 'The Bugle,' if you write to 'um."

"He'll scarce get it in time," said Lettice. "The letters don't come most whiles but when they're fetched."

"If he ain't there, Tony must just go on wi' ye home."

"Don't ye think Mary'd take me in till I see a bit about father?" insisted the girl.

"She might or she mightn't—I can't say; but ye didn't ought to ask her. You're yer father's child, and all folk knows it now. What a detriment that 'ud be to Jesse pilot, as has allays took such pains for to kip his hands clean o' such-like. And who'll ever be our mainstay now but on'y he? If I might be so bold, sir," said she, turning to the doctor, who had just come in, "as to ask you write for us, as we are in a strait

along o' the child, as ought by rights to be sent home away from here. She's 'Red Jack's' girl, she is."

There is no class out of whom so much work, unpaid and unthanked, is got by the community as a country doctor. His time, himself, and all that is his, is supposed to be the property of the public; and it is wonderful how ungrudgingly it is given. The surgeon looked up, under his grizzled eyebrows, at the girl's face as she stood beside him. "So that's Red Jack's daughter, is she? I shouldn't have thought it. Well, she'll be better at home—if she's got one—than knocking about here, that's very certain, now her father's gone: so I don't care if I do." And Lettice's fate was sealed.

Towards evening the rain and wind lulled, and Mary appeared at the door of the house.

"There's nobody strange mustn't come in here," cried one of the men rudely.

"It's the pilot Edney's wife," said the other, a coastguard who was of the countryside. "She's a rare 'un to nuss she is, and she've the beautifullest patience ever I see with the sick 'uns; there was a little lad o' ourn as would niver ha got t'ough the measles if it hadn't been along o' she."

And upon these testimonials Mary was allowed to come in. She busied herself at first about poor Dixon, and her very touch and manner seemed to set Sally's clumsy contrivances right; so that he looked up relieved. "My head did drub finely afore yer came in; and she clums so, as she galls me to come nigh the wound," said he, with a sigh.

At last Mary was able to get a word with the girl alone, in the little room behind.

"I didn't ought to ha' urged thee so, dearie, t'other day," were her first words as she sat down on the little truckle-bed which nearly filled the room, while Lettice took the place of a pan of water which stood upon her box, and was pretty nearly the only other furniture. "Sure, yer couldn't help it all anyhow; but I were just mad to think as yon poor lad were flinging his life away like that, and I caught like at the first twig I thought on."

Lettice kissed her gratefully, but was silent.

"So you're going back agin to yer own people," said Mary, thoughtfully. "Well, 'tis clear as day that's the on'y place for ye now, an ye have the leuth (shelter) of a home for to go to. It wouldn't do not for you to stop here any longer. But you'll be a sore miss for me, with yer little ways and yer little face, and who knows when ever

"we shall meet again? And me as thought maybe Caleb might ha' won upon ye to stop with us for good and all; but it weren't to be, yer see, and we can't go agin what's set down up there, ye know; that's what Jesse says. But what wi' prevenent grace and pedestration, and all them things, why, I'm quite muzzed by times, I am," she said, a little irritably. "But there I knows 'tis all right," added she, taking fast hold of Lettice as if she could not bear to part with her, in spite of this decree of the destinies and Jesse.

"I wonder when we shall hear o' thy father and them all? There, Jesse he couldn't kip away yesterday, but came home to know how it had all gone with Caleb. He were a wrestlin in prayer for him pretty nigh the best part all last night after we heern he was took, that it might be made a blessing to his soul. But I could ha' wished as it had been God A'mighty's pleasure he should save his soul, like outside in the world as 'twere," she said, with a sort of impatient sadness. "He were ever so lit-some (cheerful) in his mind, and so lissom in his body, as 'twill be hard lines for a free 'un like he to be scrowdged up inside walls wi' a lot o' mean men as has done wrong. Jesse used to laugh and say Caleb in the Scriptur were a stout young fellow, and a true and brave 'un, too; and so were this 'un, likewise."

"I've got a little bag o' my father's," said Lettice, writhing under these painful

remiscences, partly to turn the subject, and partly because Mary was a strong box to whom anything confided was sacred and secure. "Whatever shall I do wi' it? Shall I gi'e it to ye to take care on? Won't he be most like to come down to the Chine some time afore long?"

"I'll take it and welcome, child; but I don't know whether he ain't more likelier to ha' dealings now t'other side country: he'll think as ye have it wi' you, and order himself to get it accordingly." And so the little bag remained behind.

"They say that Caleb went off in the lugger after all. I wonder where they are by now?" continued Mary, with a sigh, as they came out together at an outcry from Sally.

"I wish you'd come here a bit, Mary," complained she. "He's hollerin' after ye like anything is that Dixon. I can't do aught to pleasure him, he's so fractious; and he's that contrary wi' his physic as he's like them razor-fish, which the more you pulls 'um the more they won't come."

"Hasn't there nought been heard o' Red Jack yet?" asked Dixon, as they came in; and Mary once more "soothed and smoothed" the sick man.

"No, and I wonder, too," answered one of the men, who was drying his clothes by the fire. "I thought as that Ned Wynate would ha' cotech hold on him afore now. He's like a bulldog he is: once he gits a thing in his eye, he do hold on he do."

EARL RUSSELL'S PAS SEUL. — If there is any figure in sacred history which the modern mind finds "impossible" it is that of David dancing before the Ark. One can make every allowance for the greatness of the occasion, and the enthusiasm of the man; but the incident is too absurd. Lord Carlisle throwing his hat in the air at the laying of an Irish foundation-stone was nothing to it: Here was a grand old Hebrew king, of whom all ages desire to think with reverence, capering about to the pleasings of a lyre, and putting himself terribly out of breath by executing a sort of State breakdown as the great trophy of his army's prowess was borne into his capital. No doubt it was all very right at the time, but the story is too much for the modern sense of the ridiculous. Perhaps future generations, if they trouble themselves to read Lord Russell's third letter to Mr. Chichester Fortescue, will trace a subtle resemblance between King David's gyrations before the Ark and Lord Russell's *pas seul* before the conquering car of

Mr. Gladstone. But the venerable *figurant* has not David's excuse. He is not King of Israel. He has abdicated, and ought to be inditing psalms. He is not wanted in front of a triumphal procession. The worst of it is that his dance is so pyrrhic that he persuades some people there is still fight in him, and all sorts of suggestions as to the course of the coming campaign are drawn from the postures and antics into which the jubilant veteran throws himself. It cannot too soon be understood that there is nothing in Lord Russell's graceful twirls and mature agility beyond the ecstacy of party victory and wantonness of personal obtrusion. The Dancing Dervish is not yet an English institution, and no such oracle need be naturalized amongst us. People who wish to know how our general means to fight and what he means to win will only deceive themselves if they go puzzling over his predecessor's highly significant but wholly unauthorized pantomime.

London Review.

From The Spectator.

MR. LOWELL'S POEMS.*

No really original poet can be described by reference to any other, but Mr. Lowell's most conspicuous poetic ancestor,—at least if we judge him by his graver poems,—is Wordsworth, though the wonderful and buoyant humour which has made him most famous is a gift that is not only entirely without affinity to anything in Wordsworth, but has probably operated to diminish the intensity of that spiritualizing insight into Nature, in which Wordsworth's genius was concentrated. All true humour is a great diffuser of intellectual energy, and to a certain extent slackens the intensity of the intellectual gaze. It is hardly easy to conceive the true prophetic cast of mind combined with the highest humour,—simply because it would imply almost a higher range of human strength than the world has ever yet seen. Carlyle, it may be, comes nearest to the mark of a prophetic humourist; but then his moral sympathy, though intense, is very narrow, and is well nigh limited to harping on three strings, those of sincerity, strength, and thoroughness, and his poetic feeling is almost confined to a true feeling for the sublime. Mr. Lowell, on the contrary, as one would expect from a poet whose humour is so wide and playful, has a much less intensity of brooding passion than Wordsworth, and a much more iridescent light of fancy about his poems. His master-thoughts are far less masterful and potent than Wordsworth's; but many of his moods are in the same key, and now and then the delicacy and sweetness of his thought give a charm to the more spiritual lights of his poetry such as is quite foreign to Wordsworth's austerer genius. There is something of shrinking tenderness, of shy grace, something of Hartley Coleridge, grafted on the lofty simplicity of Wordsworth. Take for instance, the exquisite "Familiar Epistle to a Friend," which by its playfulness and ease, its elastic grace, its delicate reserves, its vivid vistas of unelaborated thought, show Mr. Lowell at his farthest point from Wordsworth, and yet in some respects too, if not at his own highest, very near to his highest. He has been playfully arguing the case of youth against that of age, and goes on thus:—

"Dear Friend, you're right and I am wrong;
My quibbles are not worth a song,
And I sophistically tease
My fancy sad to tricks like these.
I could not cheat you if I would;

You know me and my jesting mood,
Mere surface-foam, for pride concealing
The purpose of my deeper feeling.
I have not spilt one drop of joy
Poured in the senses of the boy,
Nor Nature fails my walks to bless
With all her golden inwardness;
And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
Stretch up wide-mouthed to every shade
By which their downy dream is stirred,
Taking it for the mother bird,
So, when God's shadow, which is light,
Unheralded by day or night,
My wakening instincts falls across,
Silent as sunbeams over moss,
In my heart's nest half-conscious things
Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long
With premonitions sweet of song.
Be patient, and perhaps (who knows?)
These may be winged one day like those;
If thrushes, close-embowered to sing,
Pierced through with June's delicious sting;
If swallows, their half-hour to run
Star-breasted in the setting sun.
At first they're but the unfolded poem,
Or songless schedule of a poem;
When from the shell they're hardly dry
If some folks thrust them forth, must I?"

Here the two beautiful lines, —

"Nor Nature fails my walks to bless
With all her golden inwardness,"

might well have been Wordsworth's own, but the still more beautiful passage which follows, and which is of the purest essence of poetry, has a softness and delicacy of structure, a tenderness of sentiment, a ripple of gaiety across the spiritual depth of feeling, that no one could well mistake for Wordsworth's high rapture of single-hearted joy, which indulges in no side-glances, and seldom lets slip any feathery seed of quaint suggestion. The likening to the "blind nestlings; unafraid," stretching "wide-mouthed to every shade by which their downy dream is stirred," of those other half-conscious nestlings in the poet's own heart which, at every contact of the divine shadow, —

"Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long,
With premonitions sweet of song,"

succeeds in expressing the feebleness and sensitiveness which spring from the very consciousness of growing powers, from that tremulousness of the soul that is due to the very germ of divine life within it, with a finer art than we can remember in any other attempt to deal with the same region of feeling in the whole range of English poetry.

As a poet of nature, Mr. Lowell, we need

* Under the Willows, and other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan.

scarcely say, is far beneath his great poetical ancestor, Wordsworth, if only on account of the comparative deficiency in that overmastering energy which in Wordsworth drew firmly to a focus the vast variety of spiritual suggestions in the rich play of nature's life. Nothing could be more false than to speak of Wordsworth as a pantheist. The criticism to which he is far more open is that of regarding Nature as *too subservient* to the spiritual lessons which he himself now charmed out of her, now forced upon her from the depth of his own mind. He found God in Nature, it is true, but he never merged God in Nature; he never lost his firm grip of the spiritual while studying the natural. Mr. Lowell seems to us to treat spiritual subjects, when he treats them *directly*, with more delicacy, tenderness, and truth than Wordsworth, who was apt to become didactic directly he ceased to be sublime. But in dealing with purely natural effects, Mr. Lowell's personal grasp of the spiritual at the root of Nature is comparatively relaxed, and he is at times far more in danger of merging himself in the beauty of the outer world than ever was the hardy Cumbrian mountaineer. Here, for instance, is a beautiful passage, — in which Mr. Lowell seems "to become a part of all that he has met:" —

"This willow is as old to me as life;
And under it full often have I stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore
Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,
Or was transfused in something to which thought
Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained
Become a part of the universal joy.
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,
Danced in the leaves; or, floating in the cloud,
Saw its white double in the stream below;
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstacy,
Dilated in the broad blue over all.
I was the wind that dapples the lush grass,
The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air;
The life that gladdened everything was mine.
Was I then truly all that I beheld?
Or is this stream of being but a glass
Where the mind sees its visionary self,
As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay,
Across the river's hollow heaven below
His picture flits, — another, yet the same?
But suddenly the sound of human voice
Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours,
Doth in opacous cloud precipitate
The consciousness that seemed but now dissolved
Into an essence rarer than its own,
And I am narrowed to myself once more."

Compare that with Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," — with which in other respects it

is not un instructive to compare "Under the Willows," — and you see at once that Wordsworth's personality dominates his mystic sympathy with Nature far more deeply than Mr. Lowell's. Wordsworth never swoons away into Nature. Only,

... "with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,"

he "sees into the life of things." Nature enters into Wordsworth, where Mr. Lowell enters into Nature.

There is another poem of Mr. Lowell's which suggests a contrast with Wordsworth's well-known invitation to abandon study for outward nature, "Up, up! my friend, and quit your books." Mr. Lowell's is called "The Nightingale in the Study," and after giving us Wordsworth's argument in its own form, — in which, by the way, the argument loses little in beauty, — he gives a very fine and very *un-Wordsworthian* reply to it. *Calderson*, we may observe parenthetically, is the book which keeps him from those other leaves, —

"The leaves wherein true wisdom lies
On living trees the sun are drinking;
Those white clouds, drowsing through the skies,
Grew not so beautiful by thinking."

But the nightingale in the syringa thickets discourses on the superior beauty of these leaves in vain; for the poet has this to say in self-defence: —

"Alas, dear friend, that, all my days,
Hast poured from that syringa thickets
The quaintly discontinuous lays
To which I hold a season-ticket,

"A season-ticket cheaply bought
With a dessert of pilfered berries,
And who so oft my soul hast caught
With morn and evening voluntaries,

"Deem me not faithless, if all day
Among my dusty books I linger,
No pipe, like thee, for June to play
With fancy-led, half-conscious finger.

"A bird is singing in my brain
And bubbling o'er with mingled fancies,
Gay, tragic, rapt, right heart of Spain
Fed with the sap of old romances.

"I ask no ampler skies than those
His magic music rears above me,
No falser friends, no truer foes, —
And does not Dona Clara love me?

"Cloaked shapes, a twanging of guitars,
A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,
Then silence deep with breathless stars,
And overhead a white hand flashing.

"O music of all moods and climes,
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,

Where still, between the Christian chimes,
The Moorish cymbal tinkles faintly !

"O life borne lightly in the hand,
For friend or foe with grace Casilian !
O valley safe in Fancy's land,
Not tramped to mud yet by the million !

"Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale
To his, my singer of all weathers,
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

"Ah ! friend, these singers dead so long,
And still, God knows, in purgatory,
Give its best sweetness to all song,
To Nature's self her better glory."

The fanciful humour of the first two verses here, and the exquisite description of the mixture of Moorish and Spanish,—of Mahometan and Christian,—in Calderon's verse, 'the Arab soul in Spanish feathers,' is as far removed from Wordsworth's manner as that of the first part of the poem is closely linked with it.

But we cannot leave Mr. Lowell's beautiful volume without quoting what is certainly the most original, and in some respects the finest thing it contains,—the passage in a noble Commemoration Ode recited at Harvard in the July after the close of the Civil War and the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, in which that most childlike and most sagacious of modern rulers is painted in colours that will, we may safely assert, last as long as the history of that great struggle, and be resorted to—till the American people ceases to brood over its own greatest deeds—as the one *locus classicus* to generation after generation for a portrait of the greatest, simplest, and most characteristic figure of the conflict. Mr. Lowell has been saying, in the earlier part of his poem, that his test of a man of the 'old heroic kind' is that he should be able to

"Stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs."

And then he proceeds :—

"Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,

Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honoured urn.

Nature, they say, doth date,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :

For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,

With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity !

They knew that outward grace is dust ;
They could not choose but trust

In that sure-footed mind's unflinching skill,
And supple-tempered will,
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and
thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapours blind ;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to Heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface ;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face
to face.

I praise him not ; it were too late ;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory -
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he ;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

This is, indeed, a portrait, finer, we think,
as well as more individual than Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" itself. Lincoln did indeed recover for us the old historic meaning of a shepherd of the people,—a meaning degraded by numberless ecclesiastical pretensions—of one, namely, who "loved his charge, but never loved to lead," and yet whose power to lead consisted

"In that sure-footed mind's unflinching skill
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and
thrust."

There is something, too, in that metaphoric use of the wide prairies as opposed to the Alpine summits of Europe, for expressing the largeness, the unambitious lowliness, the fruitfulness and friendliness, of Lincoln's

nature, a nature, nevertheless, that was also "nigh to Heaven and loved of loftiest stars,"—which, though it gives us a little glimpse into the American pride of nationality, and its jealousy of European standards, yet makes us feel the touch of the genuine poet, who, the deeper may be his insight into human nature at large, will only feel the more enthusiasm for those national and local virtues into which it has been his inheritance to gain a still fuller insight.

We do not say that the whole volume is on a level with even the least powerful of the passages we have quoted. But that it does contain much which is comparable to the most powerful, and nothing which is not in a true sense worthy of the only really original poet America has yet produced, we think we can truly say. Perhaps no really great humourist, like the author of the Biglow Papers, ever before produced poetry of so ethereal and spiritual a type.

From The Spectator.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE.*

THE uses of irony as an efficient instrument of artistic composition have been appreciated by all the great masters of literary art. The author of *Realities of Irish Life*, possibly with the unconscious instinct of genius, has apprehended and utilized the ironical,—at least in his title. We should be sorry to deny Mr. Trench the praise which is his due, of some literary skill and of considerable inventive power; indeed, we should look with interest for a novel from his hand. But when the public consideration of Irish affairs, both inside and outside the House of Commons, has assumed a serious and practical aspect, we must protest in the interests of truth and justice against the acceptance of Mr. Trench's high-coloured pictures of Irish life as conveying anything like a fair representation of existing facts. It is necessary to make this protest, because already the advocates of *laissez-faire* in England have appealed to Mr. Trench as an experienced and unprejudiced witness, and have gone so far as to rank him with Mr. Senior as an acute and sensible critic of Irish grievances. Anything more different from Mr. Senior's journals than the melodrama of these so-called "Realities" it would not be easy to conceive. Mr. Senior's

mind was essentially of the judicial character; his leading idea was to get hold of the truth about Ireland, regardless of the source of his information; and he was to be absolutely relied on for the strict accuracy of his statements of fact. In everything Mr. Trench is the opposite of Mr. Senior. He is a fierce partisan, socially, if not politically; and he is wholly unable to record facts without colouring them. His honesty of purpose cannot be doubted, yet we have no hesitation in pronouncing his book one which teaches what is untrue and illusory, and put together with a mischievous design. That design may be briefly stated in half-a-dozen words: it is intended to show that no change in the land laws of Ireland or in the status of the Church will avail to remove the popular discontent. The facts recorded by Mr. Trench are carefully selected to sustain this position, and though most of them no doubt took place in one shape or another, it would be a fatal error to suppose that they can be accepted as typical of the Irish character and social state of Ireland.

Mr. Trench's opportunities of observation have been referred to as conclusively establishing his claim to be heard as an authority on Irish questions. For a quarter of a century Mr. Trench has discharged in various parts of Ireland the duties of a land agent, and has on the whole maintained the character of a lenient and kindly representative of the great absentee landlords whose estates he has managed. In birth and education, Mr. Trench has had advantages far greater than those of which Irish land agents can usually boast. A nephew of the late Lord Ashtown, and closely connected with the present Archbishop of Dublin, he can almost lay claim to a place among the aristocracy of the country; and many evidences of a high feeling of honour and generosity, very far transcending the practices of his class, might be gathered from this book. Still, Mr. Trench is essentially and decidedly an Irish "agent," in thorough sympathy with the high notions of landlord prerogative in vogue among the Irish gentry and nobility. Early in life he became agent to the estates of the Shirley family in the county of Monaghan, a part of Ulster where tenant-right has been most fiercely upheld by the Ribbon Code; but soon resigned the post, finding the proprietor unwilling to adopt his policy towards the tenants. The failure of the potato in 1846 ensued; and in 1850, when the country was first beginning to recover from the im-

* *Realities of Irish Life*. By W. Stewart Trench. With Illustrations by Townsend Trench. London: Longmans.

mediate stupor of that unparalleled calamity, Mr. Trench was appointed to manage the estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne in Kerry. He received in the following year the charge of the Marquis of Bath's property in Monaghan, and in this quarter he appears to have met with the strangest of his adventures. In 1857, when comparative quietude had succeeded to the turbulence and disasters of the preceding decade, Mr. Trench became agent for Lord Digby's estates at Geashill, in the King's County. In this long and varied experience Mr. Trench had, at least, a fair opportunity of becoming acquainted with the real character of the people among whom he lived. That he did not choose to avail himself of it was his own fault, if, indeed, he has not been tempted to convey to his readers an impression differing very widely from that which he has himself derived from the teachings of his life.

It is only just to Mr. Trench to say, that accepting the premises of landlord prerogative from which he starts, no fault can be found with his conduct as an agent. He made a rule not to evict a tenant without giving him at least as much compensation as would carry him to the United States, and he resigned the management of the Shirley estates because he was not at liberty to act as fairly as he thought right. But for all this, Mr. Trench is a determined advocate of the existing power of the landlord in Ireland. He sees that by judicious and not illiberal conduct Lord Bath and Lord Lansdowne have "cleared" and improved their properties, and he says to the landowners of Ireland, "Go ye and do likewise." We should like, however, to ask Mr. Trench how many Fenians the "clearing" process sent out to New York, and to remind him of what he must very well know, that not one landowner in Ireland out of twenty is able, even if he were willing, to act as Lord Bath and Lord Lansdowne have acted.

If Mr. Trench had been content to give his own individual opinion, to be taken for what it was worth, on the value of legislative interference in the Irish question, we should take no exception to his testimony. But we must object to his calling the Irish peasant, as he imaginatively paints him, into court to bear witness on the same side. We might gather many examples of this rather dishonest artifice from Mr. Trench's volume. Perhaps the most striking is to be found in the account of a Ribbon meeting, which Mr. Trench received, he tells us, from an informer who took part in the debate. The report of the speeches and

sentiments, thus filtered through two so different media, can hardly be considered more authentic than the orations in the first decade of Livy. Any one who is familiar with the forms in which the thought and language of the Irish peasant are moulded will be as much amused as disgusted at meeting the arguments of Irish Tory politicians in the mouths of Mr. Trench's Ribbonmen.

"By degrees as the liquor told upon the party the conversation grew fast and furious, and various subjects were introduced and commented on in their own wild way. 'They say,' observed one of the leaders, 'that if the boys had held out well when they rose in 1641 they could have had the country to themselves, and driven every Saxon out of it. I hear there was great sport up at the Castle of Carrikmacross that time, and that they put a rope round the agent's neck and were going to hang him at his own hall door.'—'Bad luck to them for spalpeens that they didn't hang him,' said another. 'If we had the country all to ourselves now I know how it would be!—'Some says it's the land laws that's mighty bad,' observed another; 'that it's them that's crushing us down, and that they are going to bring in a bill—as they call it—to alter them.'—'A curse upon the land laws,' cried the president, 'and all concerned in them. It's the *land itself* we want, and not all this bother about the laws. The laws is not so bad in the main, barrin' they make us pay rent at all. What god would altering the laws do us? sure we have tenant-right, and fair play enough, for that matter, for Trench never puts any one off the land that's able to pay his rent, and stand his ground on it. *But why should we pay rent at all?* That's the question, say I. Isn't the land our own, and wasn't it our ancestors' before us, until these bloody English came and took it all away from us? My curse upon them for it—but we will tear it back out of their hearts' blood yet.'—'In troth, then, ye'll have tough work of it before ye do,' rejoined another. 'Them Saxons is a terrible strong lot to deal with. They beat down ould Ireland before, and I doubt but they'll hold on the land still, and beat her down again, rise when ye may.'—'None of your croakin',' cried the president. 'Sure, it's not more than three hundred years since they took it all from us, and many a country has risen and held its own again after a longer slavery than that. I say, *THE LAND* we must have, and cursed be the hand and withered the arm that will not strike a blow to gain it!—'Some say it's the Church that's crushing us,' suggested one of the party who had not spoken before. 'Damn the Church, and you along with it,' cried the president, in a passion. 'What harm does the Church do you or any one else? The gentlemen that owns it are quiet, dacent men, and often good to the poor. *It's the land*, I say again, *it's the land*, we want. The Saxon robbers took it from our

forefathers, and I say again we'll wrench it out of their hearts' blood; and what better beginning could we have than to blow Trench to shivers off the walk?'—'True for ye,' said another, 'so far as that goes, but ye are wrong about the Church, for all that. Sure, isn't it what they call the dominan' Church, and what right has it to dominate over our own clergy, who are as good as them any day? Up wid our clergy, and down with the dominan' Church! say I. Besides,' continued he, more softly, 'maybe if we had once a hold of the Church lands, the landlords' lands would be 'aisier come at after.'—'Why, then, that may be true, too,' said the president; 'down with the Church, down with the landlords, down with the agents, down with everything, say I, that stands in the way of our own green land coming back to us again.'—'What wonderful grand fun we'll have fightin' among ourselves when it does come!' said a thick-set Herculean fellow, at the lower end of the table.—'Well now, I often thought of that!' replied his neighbour in a whisper. 'It'll be bloody work then in airnest, as sure as you and I live to see it. Anything that has happened up to this will be only a joke to what will happen then.'—'And what matter?' cried the advocate for fighting. 'Sure, wouldn't it be far better any day to be fightin' among friends than have no fightin' at all, and be slaves to our enemies? By the powers!' cried he, and he gave the table a salient stroke with his shillelagh that made the punch-glasses leap, 'but I would rather go out as our ancestors did before us, with the skeine in our hands, and the skins of wild beasts upon our backs, and fight away till the best man had it, then be the slaves we are now, paying rint in the office, and acknowledge them Saxons as our landlords!'

Surely nothing could be more "unhistorical" than this reported conversation. If it were worth while, we might direct our readers to some amusing personal episodes, in which Mr. Trench always appears as his own hero, bearing, as it were, a charmed life, facing at one time an infuriated crowd of peasants, at another time a desperate but chivalrous Ribbonman—subduing the enemy always, now by moral force, now by physical force, again by the power of the eye, and often by an eloquence which we can hardly trace in Mr. Trench's reports of his own speeches. We have not space to enter into these interesting adventures, of which no political use can be made; but we are bound to warn English readers against this book. The facts are no doubt pretty correctly stated; but all the colouring is false, and what is worse, it is artistically laid on to impress persons unacquainted with the Irish character with certain dangerous, because entirely unsubstantial and illusory, views. Irish peasants may have acted as the characters in Mr. Trench's

book act, but it is a matter of certainty that they never spoke and thought as Mr. Trench's characters speak and think. This is a point which can only be settled by the impartial judgment of witnesses acquainted with Ireland, and to them we are content to leave it.

Mr. Trench, generously enough, acknowledges the existence of high moral qualities among the peasants with whom he has spent his life, but always, as it appears, with an undertone of surprise, as if it were strange that a poor wretch who is unable to pay his petty rent of a few shillings for his five-acre holding should have a noble and generous heart. The "caste" feeling is strong in every line that Mr. Trench writes and until that feeling be eradicated in the class to which he belongs by a social revolution—whether gradually or suddenly effected,—we cannot hope for that "justice to Ireland" which Mr. Trench—in all sincerity, we doubt not—proposes as the end to be furthered by the production of this mistaken and mischievous book.

From The Spectator.

THE WIND.

ASTRONOMERS have often pointed out how different physically life must be, if there be life at all, on worlds like our moon, which do not possess any atmosphere. It is not only that there would be no lungs and no breath, and, therefore, totally different arrangements for nourishing the body, but it is difficult to conceive even of diffused fluids in a world where there is no atmospheric pressure to prevent such diffused fluids from passing immediately into vapour. Put a vessel of water under the receiver of an air-pump, and as the air is exhausted, the water rises at once in a cloud of vapour. There could certainly be no clouds in a world without an atmosphere, no refracted and few reflected lights; no flying shadows, few natural effects such as our earthly poets most love, no glories of sunset and of dawn, assuredly no Claudes if there were artists of any sort; no rivers, no ocean, no wind, no vegetable life of the kind that needs air and moisture, clearly no "leafy springs." Again, there could be no language like ours, and still less music,—we do not mean merely wind-instruments,—for all articulate speech depends upon the air, both as a partial cause, and as the conducting medium of sound; and all hearing depends upon the vibrations of the waves

of sound, which the air transmits, on the membrane of the ear. It would be possible, indeed, to conceive of a party in such a world communicating with each other by lying on the ground with the ear in close contiguity to the earth, and communicating by vibrations struck on, and transmitted through, the solid substance of the earth itself; but that is a process which bears extremely little analogy to that of human language or music. In a word, conceive any world of life without an atmosphere, and you conceive one whose whole literature would be scarcely intelligible to us, a literature into which half the conceptions of our poets would be untranslatable, which would know nothing of wings and flight, nothing of birds, or trees, or flowers, nothing of winds or waves, — except, perhaps, the solid waves of earthquake, — nothing of ships, nothing of flute, or harp, or song, or minstrelsy, nothing of clouds, and rain, and tempest, — nothing of “the breath of life,” and finally, nothing of “aspiration” or “inspiration,” or the Holy “Spirit,” — at least, the same realities, if they were apprehended, would necessarily find some other metaphorical origin. It is curious enough to think that the invisible envelope of our planet should enter so deeply into the very essence of our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, that it is very much easier for us to conceive of future intercourse with the creatures of the most distant world containing an atmosphere, than with the creatures of the nearest by far in the whole universe because it has none.

The wind, naturally enough, as the most active and marked of atmospheric agencies, and the most obvious to the old, unscientific world, which knew nothing of the constitution of the atmosphere, or of its weight, or of its limitation to a given height above the surface of the earth, has impressed itself more deeply upon the imagination than any other power due to the atmosphere. As an unseen and yet most appalling power, it has obtained itself a directly religious significance. The American-Indian mythologies all attribute to the winds the ultimate creative force; even our Lord takes the wind which “bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth” as the natural symbol of the power of ‘the Spirit;’ — and the descent of the Spirit, on the first day of corporate Christian life, is said to have been accompanied by “a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind,” — whence, naturally enough, the

whole range of theological controversies on ‘inspiration.’ Yet, on the whole, the wind cannot be said to have had a solely spiritualizing effect on either the literatures or national characters of the people most exposed to it. The Hebrews were no sailors, and had an evident horror of great winds. It was God who made ‘the storm a calm,’ and brought the affrighted Hebrew passengers on Phenician ships to “the haven where they would be;” and though the ‘stormy wind’ fulfilled God’s word as a messenger, it was never thought of as *being* his word. Elijah was taught that “God was not in the tempest,” and *was* in the “still small voice.” Isaiah spoke of his promised deliverer as a “hiding place from the wind.” Christ’s greatest sign of power over nature is, that “*even* the winds and the seas obey Him.” There has always been a disposition to attribute caprice and fickleness to the wind from our complete ignorance of its laws, — a caprice and fickleness which God overrules, but which does not so much reveal Him as add to the terrors which require a revelation of Him. The great sea-borne nations have usually regarded the wind in a very mixed light, as an object both of friendship and hostility, and considered their work quite as much in the light of a struggle with the winds as in that of a grateful use of them. Neither has the character of the Northmen and their descendants been so much moulded by the mystery and invisibility of the wind, as it has by the resistance and courage and enterprise it has provoked. Something of deference for its invisible mystic spirit-like power, no doubt, there is in all the great sailor-nations; but there is more of hardness and readiness for risk and pain and danger. It has done more to train the spirit which boldly encounters it as a practical adversary, than the spirit which bends awestruck before its shapeless and invisible might. We suspect that the mystic influence of the wind has been exerted far more through the *sounds* it causes, than through the forces it exerts, — in other words, much more through the intellectual impressions it produces in those who have leisure to attend to it, than through those who are engaged in using or fighting it, or both using and fighting it at once. Wordsworth has well described the effect of constant encounters with the wind in *Peter Bell*: —

“There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As though the man had fixed his face

In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky."

'Hardness' is, in general, the effect which blustering winds produce on those who habitually encounter them, but it is not 'hardness' which represents the influence of the wind on the imaginative literature of nations. In some sense, it may be truly said that the wind has a greater imaginative influence on those who dwell on land and in towns than on those who are practically concerned with it every moment of their lives. The voice of the wind, like the voice of the sea, is heard much more impressively by those who live on land than by sailors. It is those who live by "a melancholy ocean," as Mr. Disraeli says, not those who live *on* it, who enter most into the sad music which it makes. It is

"The towering headlands crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows,"

which know "the ocean for a mighty harmonist," for it is necessarily where winds and seas meet with most resistance that they speak most plainly. The sobbing of the wind in the pines, its shriek round the old gables of country houses, its minute guns against the windows of warm rooms, these enter far more deeply into the imagination of nations than the tempest which threatens shipwreck at sea. The latter is a practical danger, like the collision of railway trains, or the striking down of a tree or house by lightning, terrible to encounter or to recollect, but not of the sort to affect the imagination of the mass of men in the ordinary intervals of life. Action of any kind is a sort of antidote to imaginative influences. But the sound of the wind has, we venture to say, affected the contemplative side of man, almost as much as its physical force has affected his practical life by driving away stagnant vapours and bearing ships over the sea. That an envelope of nitrogen, oxygen, and a little carbonic acid gas should have this strange power over men, that when introduced into a particular cavity of the body, where it does nothing towards our physical well-being, it insinuates a thousand dreamy thoughts of the past and future, of possibilities that are possibilities no more, of yearning to rise above the dreary level of monotonous habit, of remorse, of hope, of infinite desire, is as strange as anything we can put our finger on in human life. Surely as long as there are wind and pine trees, or even wind without pine trees,—nothing but chimneys,—for it to enter, there will be no need of a protest against materialism? What external observer of our planet could

think that its gaseous envelope was the spring not only of almost half its commerce, but of almost half its art and poetry as well? Yet you can not only trace the influence of the atmosphere on art, but of the very sound of the sea and wind on the poet's rhythms. If the recurring hexameter is a partial imitation of a slowly washing wave, the ode would seem to be an attempt to recover the half-regular irregularity of the wind's cadences. This is, we suspect, why the ode is so often resorted to by poets in any attempt to touch the chord of infinite desires, as by Wordsworth in the ode on the 'Intimations of Immortality' and 'The Power of Sound' (to which last it is evidently specially appropriate), or Gray when he is trying to body forth that half-sob of memory with which men are apt to look back on the defined and vivid joys and sorrows of childhood, in his ode to Eton College; or Lowell when he is attempting to connect the vague ideals of a young and buoyant people with the fiery trials of civil war, in the fine Commemoration Ode of which we gave some sample last week. We have heard the moaning of the wind in the chimneys of old, and not unfrequently new houses spoken of as sounding like the voice of "a thousand years ago"; and something, no doubt, there really is in the sound peculiarly calculated to express the sense of loss, and of oblivion, and of desolation, without any particle of immediate power, though the cause of that sound is one of the most potent of forces, in full action at the very moment. Nothing is more curious than the effect produced upon the mind by the wash of the waves and the blowing of the wind in hollow places. It cannot be association which gives both sounds their air of mystic dreaminess, of vain lamentation, or of melancholy desire. Both sea and wind are potent enough and practical enough to make the men who specially devote themselves to using and breasting their power hard, keen, daring, rugged. Yet the sound of the sea on the shore and the wind roaring through the house suggests anything but daring and enterprise. If it suggests danger and shipwreck,—that is by association, and because we know that shipwrecks come of waves and winds; *directly* it does not suggest danger or struggle, but rather

"Old unhappy far-off things,
And trials long ago,"

—and this can only be because there are certain sounds adapted of themselves to recall certain moods of thought, and which have not gained their power to do so by as-

sociation. This is true of all music. But the special expressive power of a high moaning wind seems to be to blend an immense variety of subdued notes, — notes melancholy in themselves, — into a volume of sound so great as to seem like the voice of a great past-away world complaining of its fate or its oblivion. If it is strange enough — as it is — that solid food growing out of the earth should supply human organization with nervous power to perceive and feel, it is at least as strange that a few gases ranged round the earth, the more immediate object of which seems to be to oxidize our food in the lungs, and to provide currents which ventilate our planet's surface, should in addition have the extraordinary power of supplying us with a medium for speech, a natural music, and an inarticulate language of emotion.

From The Spectator.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S PURGATORY AND PARADISE.*

GUSTAVE DORÉ has, on the whole, succeeded in illustrating the *Purgatory*. The drawings are a little too like those in the *Inferno*, too dreadful, too little penetrated by the idea of hope, to realize perfectly the idea which one attaches to the Catholic *Purgatory*, the place of purification, rather than of punishment only, but still they are very wonderful drawings. In some, as, for example, in the one opposite page 64, where Arachne is seen stretched out into a gigantic spider, the infernal idea, punishment for the sake of punishment, is too manifest; but in others, the higher notion of an infinite dreariness, through which souls all but lost pass on to Paradise, is realized as only Doré could have realized it. We would give the picture opposite page 14 as a proof of this. There is very little in it, nothing indeed but one of those dark shadowy depths which only Gustave Doré has learned perfectly to draw; but above the ravine flits or marches the veiled shadowy host, half angelic, which somehow one feels rather than sees will reach heaven, but is now in misery, a misery not utter, not fatal to reflection, or even to a faint interest in things around, but still misery of an intense kind. The use of shadowy forms with lighted outlines is apparently the instrument by which Gustave Doré hopes to produce his effect (*vide* page 36), a grand idea of endurance which

would not be endurance, which would almost be happiness, were there only *Light* (*vide* page 24); and he does produce it most effectually, even when, as in page 36, he strains the thought almost beyond the grasp of ordinary mankind; or when, in page 62, he throws us violently back upon a purely physical conception of toil. Labour in itself is scarcely punishment, and, for all that appears, labour in itself is the punishment present here. His greatest defect is that again and again punishment takes that form of pure malignity, of bootless infliction of suffering which is the farthest from the catholic and from the true idea of God's providence in dealing with His creatures. The spirit of torture rises and rises, — as also it does in the poem, — till in the figures which the flames lick but cannot burn, exciting an agony of fear rather than an agony of physical pain, we have men to whom hell with its permanence were almost redemption. And yet criticism of this kind on the *Purgatory* is not criticism. Look the drawings through slowly, meditatively, thinking of Dante, and not either of theology or Doré; and slowly, as we deem, it will somehow dawn upon you, unwilling to accept it, that in these heights and these depths, these tricks of the perpendicular — for they are tricks — these gleams of an invisible sun and hints of present angels, in this deep gloom over all which yet leaves men human and souls beautiful, in these clouds which do not hide rays, but hide their source, in these processions without a shrine — the monkish idea of *acts* has caught Gustave Doré — processions in which there is a sub-idea sometimes of horror, sometimes of grotesquerie (*vide* page 164, where beasts with the bat-wings which Doré gives the Devil, and women's breasts, and heads of animal or bird, are *driving* the sages of mankind), the true thought of a half-inspired poet has found an expression almost as full as itself; less near perhaps to our hearts; more near to those physical emotions within us, those horrors, repulsions, disgusts, of which the nearest and the truest we can say is, that they are instinctive, that they are co-ordinate in origin with the reason which judges them, and therefore beyond perfect analysis by an equal power. The illustrations which can effect this impression are great, even though a minute study of them might reveal the small adroitnesses by which the impression is created.

The *Paradise* does not strike us equally. The leading idea of the series of drawings, — figures bathed in light wheeling in eccentric circles round a half visible centre, fig-

* *Gustave Doré's Purgatory and Paradise*. London: Cassell.

ures usually winged,—in itself a somewhat feeble notion,—has a striking but rather indistinct effect (in 352 it is decidedly operatic), and the beves of saintly women, in long dresses falling perpendicularly, fail to impress us at all. They are serious and beautiful, but not divine. The Cross borne by wreaths of angels who are *not*,—if we may be allowed so mundane a criticism,—all flying the same way, would be a wonderful hint for Dieppe workers in ivory, but is too material altogether for the idea it is intended to convey, at least to minds which feel in Jesus something more than the Being extended on the Cross and suffering untold agony to be repaid by triumph beyond words. Nothing shocks us in Gustave Doré's *Paradise*, and nothing can be said to fail; but nothing succeeds fully, nothing satisfies the longing in every heart to conceive of what "Paradise" the home of the redeemed may be. There are fair landscapes, and saintly figures, and glorious ideas of a new relation to something above ourselves; but of peace, and light, and beatitude, of the peace which passeth expression, of the light which comes from His presence, of the beatitude which should be in the souls of those who are with Him, there is no trace. Some

faint gleam of joy, of the rapture of satisfied benevolence, ought surely to be apparent in the face of the watching Dante, and is not, though once it is irradiated by angelic light. The artist would say we are demanding too much. Possibly, but then we are not demanding more than Dante, by the consent of mankind, has in some more or less materialistic way succeeded in giving. We cannot say, and we speak as admirers of M. Doré's genius, that we think he also has succeeded. It was not open to him, perhaps, to give us the true *Paradise*, the place—for to Dante it was a place—beyond all human imagination, to fix the divine dreams that floated before the author of the Apocalypse, but it was open to him to do what Southey did, to draw a place in which at least the human heart could rest satisfied that the highest human ideal, earth without sin, had been excelled. This M. Doré has not done, and while his *Inferno* will live while Dante's lives, and the *Purgatorio* will share, without quite deserving, its immortality, the *Paradise* will, we fear, be quoted only as a proof how close the inexorable limits draw around genius, even when it is as great as that of M. Gustave Doré.

A MACHINE is in use at Melbourne for shearing sheep by steam. It is made of brass, something in the shape of a small trowel; the motion is got up by a turbine wheel about three inches in diameter; and this is geared into another wheel on which is fixed a cutter; in front is a comb, which serves as a guide, and against cutting the skin of the sheep. The steam is conveyed from the boiler by a tube of india-rubber. This tube or pipe is double, having one inside the other; the inner one is the injection, and the space between the two is the ejection. The machine is used in the same fashion as the shears, but cuts much quicker and far cleaner, without the least danger of injuring the fleece of the sheep.

THE Librarian of the India House has, we learn, made a most splendid "find." He has discovered in a chest which had escaped attention nothing less than the library of Timour, collected by the Mogul in the course of his conquests. Among other treasures are documents of extraordinary value connected with the biog-

raphy of Mohammed. These facts are, we believe, fully ascertained; but we have still to learn whether the chest was obtained in the first or the second seizure of Delhi, where it must, we imagine, have been religiously preserved by the heirs of the great Tartar.

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THE COLOUR OF THE SKY.—Professor Tyndall, the *Engineer* says, is now engaged on the chemical action of light upon vapours, and he has quite recently handed in a paper to the Royal Society on the colours of the sky, on the polarization of light by the sky, and by cloudy matter generally. By the condensation of liquids of various kinds into particles so small that their diameters are measured, not by tens of thousandths, but by hundreds of thousandths of an inch, he succeeds in producing a blue which equals, if it does not transcend, that of the deepest and purest Italian sky; and this blue exhibits all the effects of polarization which have been hitherto observed in skylight.